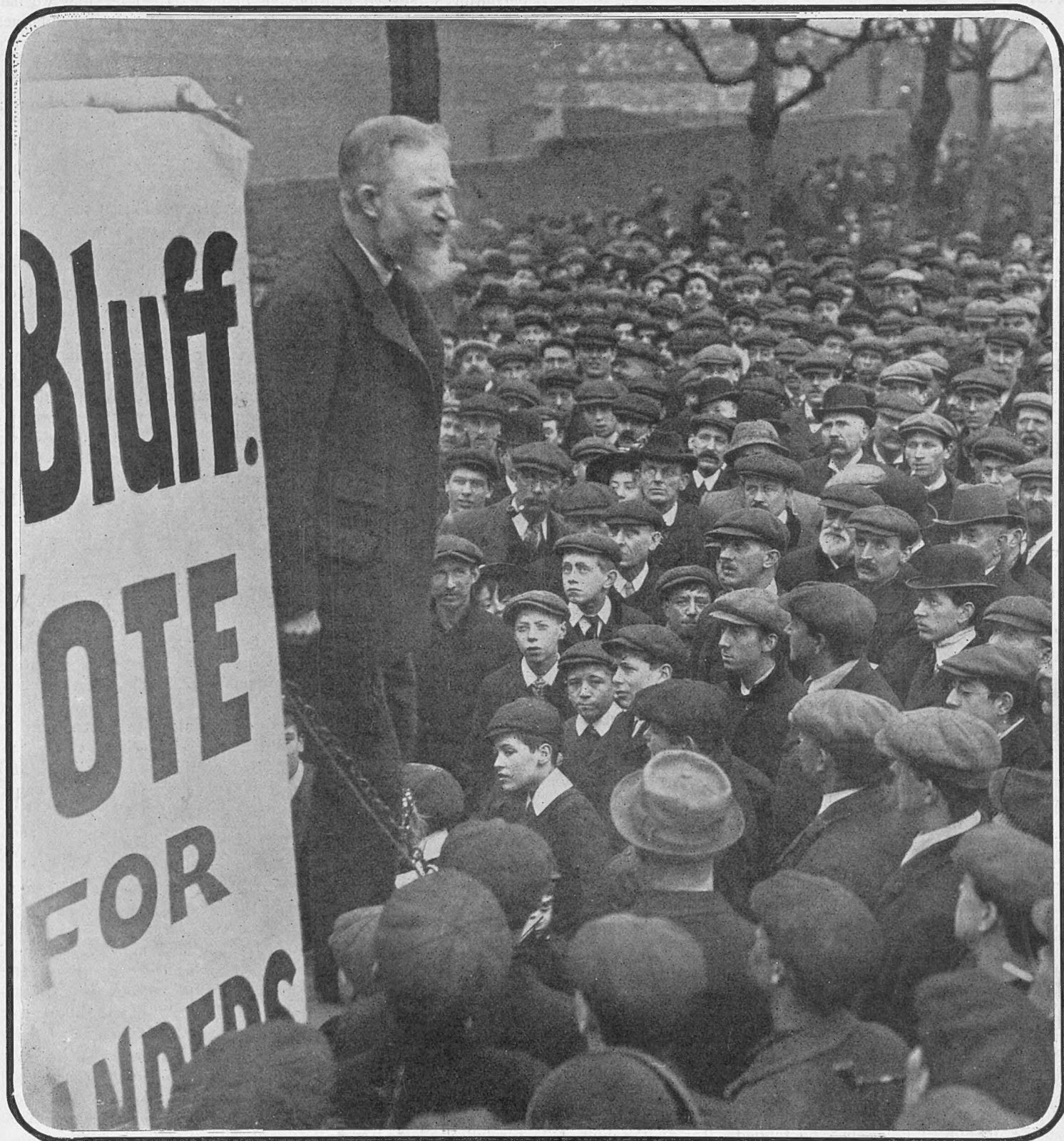


The Sketch

No. 835.—Vol. LXIX.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1910.

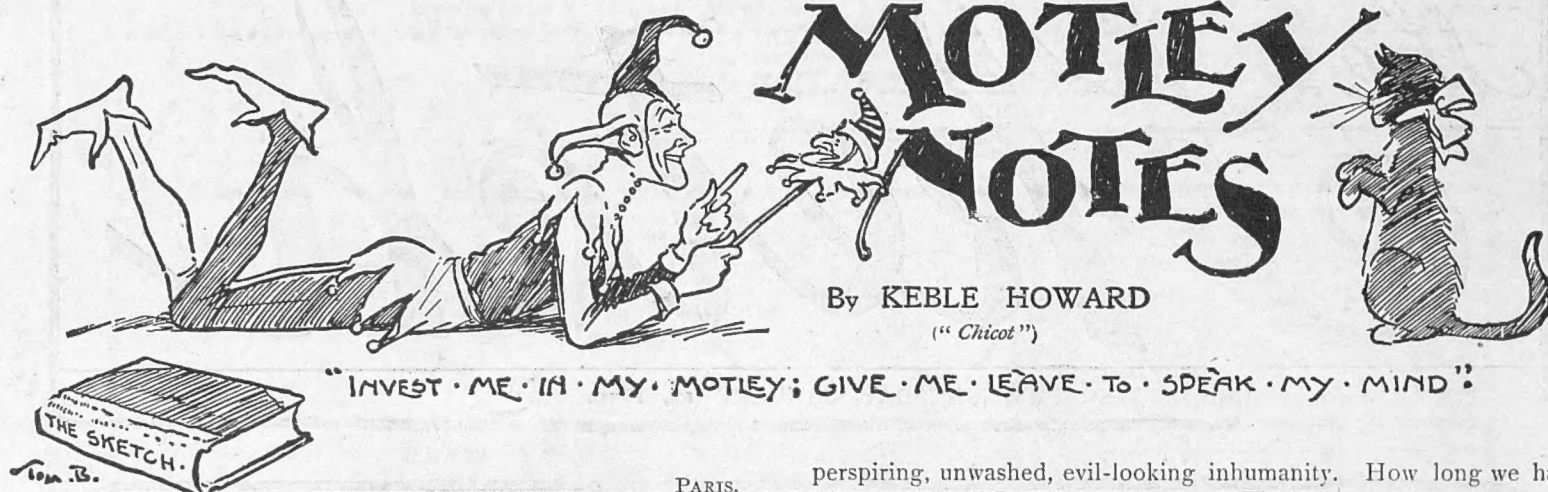
SIXPENCE.



"G. B. S." IN AN UNFORTUNATE POSITION: MR. BERNARD SHAW PHOTOGRAPHED WITH AN EMBARRASSING WORD SHOWING ON A PLACARD AT HIS SIDE—WHILE SPEAKING TO DOCKYARD MEN, AT PORTSMOUTH, IN SUPPORT OF THE LABOUR CANDIDATE.

We have no idea whether the photographer was wicked enough to take this snapshot with malice aforethought. If he did not, he scored a curious fluke, for to a good many the one readable word on the poster may seem singularly appropriate to the occasion.

Photograph by Cribb.



The Apaches at Breakfast.

PARIS.

Solely on your behalf, friend the reader, I have been risking my life. Solely on your behalf, that you might while away ten minutes in the train, I have penetrated to some of the most dangerous dens in Paris. In order to do this thoroughly, in order to see them at their blackest, when murderous passion seethes and bubbles like a witch's cauldron, when human life is worth no more than the price of a bock, I had to sit up until five o'clock in the morning. I sat up with a man who has lived in Paris all his life, and whose only desire nowadays, so far as I can credit him with any desire at all, is to die in Paris at the hand of an assassin. "At five o'clock," he promised me, "we will plunge into the favourite haunt of the Apaches. You have nothing of value about you, I trust?" "Nothing but my life," I replied. He laughed hollowly. "A rush for that," he said. It occurred to me that possibly I should. As it turned out, however, any such luxury was out of the question. The Apaches are peculiar people with peculiar tastes. Their favourite haunt is a little cellar a long, long way beneath the level of the street. You cannot stand upright in it. If there are thirty people present you can scarcely move in it. The idea of a "rush" is ridiculous. You can only just crawl, prayerfully and apologetically, to your seat.

The Blind Pianist.

Our entry was not ingratiating. The keeper of the den, scenting us as victims, rough-handled two of his regular patrons in order that we might occupy their seats. They retreated into the gloom of a further archway, breathing oaths and recriminations. Then the keeper of the den thrust a hideous face at us. "*Champagne?*" he asked fiercely. I shook my head. "No *champagne*, thank you," I said. His brows came down until they almost rested on his cheek-bones. "*Mais oui!*" he snarled. "*Champagne, mon cher! Toujours champagne!*" I would far rather have died by the knife of an Apache than drink champagne at that hour of the morning and in that filthy hole. This I explained to him. My guide, philosopher, and enemy supported me. Two bocks, therefore, were brought; we paid, I think, five francs apiece for them. I was sitting next to the piano. The pianist was an old man, very old, with sightless eyes. When the shell had been taken round for him, I noticed that he fingered every coin very carefully before slipping it into his pocket. The keeper of the den took no liberties with that blind old man. Perhaps he loved him with a filial love. Perhaps the old man had friends in the gang. Perhaps he had a knife of his own. I do not know. But it was easy to tell that he was a power in the place.

The Girl who Sang.

Presently, by way of livening the proceedings, the keeper of the den made a speech. Not one word of it could I understand, but I noticed that many jeering glances and laughs were cast in our direction, especially by the regular patrons who had been turned out of their seats. Noticing that my philosopher was applauding, I asked him the purport of the speech. "Oh," he said, "merely an incitement to kill and loot the gentry." "Is that why you applaud?" I said. "Precisely," he replied. Taking the hint, I did the same. The next event was a song, the singer being a young girl with fair hair and very tired eyes. The keeper of the den muttered something to the philosopher. "It's *his* girl," said the philosopher. "We shall have to give her a couple of francs apiece, and buy copies of the song." "And when do we get out?" I asked, for the atmosphere was terrible. He laughed. "Get out? Look for yourself. Do you see any chance of getting out?" He was right. We were sitting with our backs to the far wall. Every inch of space between us and the low entrance was packed with

perspiring, unwashed, evil-looking inhumanity. How long we had to endure it all I cannot remember. There were three gendarmes on the pavement when we at length emerged. "Just to make sure that the Apaches kill each other outright," said my philosopher.

Wanted—a Good Murderer.

"We will now," said my philosopher, "go to a café famous for its murders." "Splendid!" I said heartily. "Have you ever seen a murder committed there?" "Not a murder, but I saw a girl nearly gouge out a man's eye with a broken glass." "It must be a very expensive place," I observed. "It is." He sighed. "That's the worst of the life of pleasure! It runs away with all one's money." Our road led us through the markets. The flower-market was gay and fragrant with every variety of flower. Some of the flower-women, I noticed, had powdered their faces. It was queer to see them standing there, making up the beautiful blossoms into bunches and bouquets, amid the ceaseless rattle of the carts, the jangle of Gallic oaths, the bang of cases, the clatter of hoofs on the cobblestones. I should like to have lingered in the flower-market, but my philosopher was athirst for his sanguinary café. We found it at last, and climbed the stairs. In appearance, it was much the same as any other night café. A band played, the waiters hurried about with bad champagne, the people sitting round the room stared at everything and nothing with weary, weary eyes. "This is where So-and-So did his last murder," murmured my philosopher. "He ran down those stairs and fell into the arms of the gendarmes." "How they must miss him!" I said.

The Only Way Out.

We went somewhere else after that, and then somewhere else, and then somewhere else. I was too tired to take any more mental notes. At the last place I went up the main *escalier* and down the other, leaving my philosopher, who was determined not to go to bed, to find or make new friends. Unfortunately, the second *escalier* led me into a sort of kitchen. Having taken my bearings as I entered, I plunged through this without a word to anybody, and gained the street. The proprietor, furious, ran after me. "You can't go out that way!" he shouted. "It is forbidden." "But I *am* out," I explained. He was so angry that I refused to have any further conversation with him. I got to bed at seven, and slept till five. They tell me the sun shone all day. Very likely.

At the "Grand Guignol."

There are six little plays to be seen at the "Grand Guignol." The first is called "*Rosalie*." It shows you how a clumsy and slow-witted servant-girl "bested" her master and mistress. A simple little thing which would bear a good deal of expansion. It is by M. Max Mauray, the director of the little theatre, himself. The second piece is called "*La Halte*." Here we have a gentleman making himself vastly agreeable to a lady in a waiting-room. The third play is called "*Le Hangar de la Rue Vicq D'Azir*." Our old friend the guillotine plays the principal part in this. The head of the victim is chopped off as neatly as you could wish. Just before that, the whole working of the guillotine is carefully explained and illustrated. Then we have a little farce of complications called "*L'Ami des Deux*." *Pas mal*. Fifth on the list comes "*Horrible Experience*." A gentleman has invented a way of bringing the dead to life. He tries it on his dead daughter, who recovers sufficiently to clutch him by the throat and strangle him. The best effect in this little play is the sudden blowing open of a window. Makes you jump. Finally, we have "*Madame Aurélie*," which concerns a bearded lady and takes place in a bedroom. Altogether, the French parallel of the famous German-Reed entertainments.

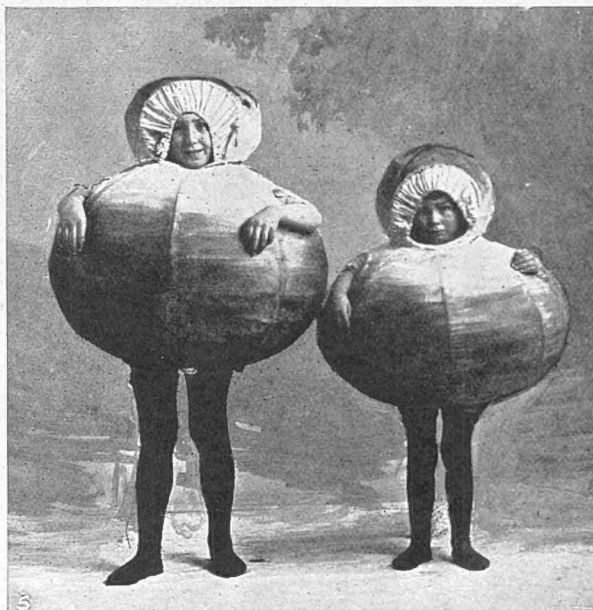
LITERALLY IN THE HANDS OF THE PEOPLE.



FROM THE BACKWOODS—OF THE TOYSHOP: THE LORD NOZOO.

His Lordship is guaranteed respectable and easy-going, quiet to chide or drive, of good temper and ancient lineage. Willing to attend the Upper House when required. Good voter, excellent vetoer.—[Photographs by Charles Clarke.]

THE MOST NOVEL DRESSES AT THE MANSION HOUSE FANCY-DRESS BALL FOR CHILDREN.



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4. MASTER FREDERICK GREENAWAY BROWN AS THE PEOPLE'S BUDGET.
7. MISS DOROTHY CROUCHER AS OUR MISS GIBBS.

2. MASTER C. M. DAVIES AS CUPID.
5. MASTERS CLIFFORD AND ROLAND ALDERTON AS THE LARGE LOAF AND THE SMALL LOAF.
8. MASTER L. SIMMONS AS A WASP.

3. MISS MIDDLETON AS A GREEK SLAVE.
6. MASTER ALBERT GREENAWAY BROWN AS THE HOUSE OF LORDS.
9. MASTER LYONEL CLARK AS JOHNNIE WALKER.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 3 by the Illustrations Bureau; 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 9 by Speaight; 8, by Lafayette.

VOTELESS, YET VOTE-GETTERS! LADIES WELL KNOWN IN THE WORLD OF POLITICS.—No. IV.



1. MRS. RUFUS ISAACS (READING).

2. BARONESS DE GOLDSMID DA PALMEIRA (NORTH CAMBERWELL), WIFE OF MR. S. F. HOFFMUNG GOLDSMID.

3. MRS. A. LEVY LEVER (N.E. OR HARWICH DIVISION OF ESSEX).

4. MRS. E. WASON (CLACKMANNAN AND KINROSS).

5. MRS. A. CROSS (CAMLACHIE DIVISION OF GLASGOW).

6. MRS. STANTON COIT (WAKEFIELD).

7. MRS. G. RENNICK (NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE).

8. COUNTESS GROSVENOR (DOVER), WIFE OF THE RT. HON. GEORGE WYNDHAM.

9. LADY SAMUEL (NORWOOD DIVISION OF LAMBETH).

10. MRS. PHILIP SNOWDEN (BLACKBURN).

As on previous occasions, we name, in brackets after each portrait, the constituencies for which the ladies' husbands are standing.

Photographs No. 1 by Walton Adams; 2, 4, 5, 8, and 10, by Thomson; 3 by Swaine; 7, by Lafayette; and 9, by Keturah Collings.

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Produced by Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

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THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,**JANUARY 15.****SPECIAL****GENERAL ELECTION
NUMBER**

WITH

PRESENTATION ELECTION CHART.**SIXPENCE, as usual.**

THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,**JANUARY 15.**

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

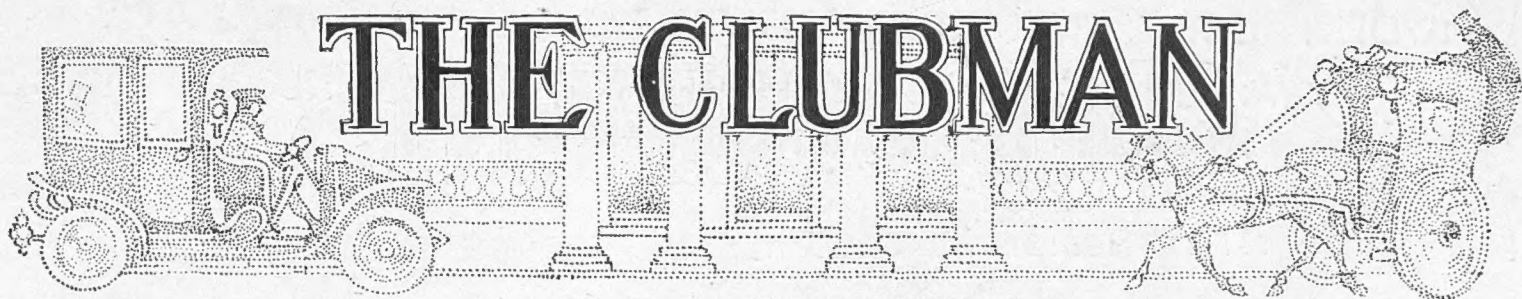
No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



A Flower-Crowned King.

The old pagan rites survive longer in Spain and Portugal than in any other country in the world. If any man curious in the festivals of the Roman deities wishes to see a procession in honour of Bacchus he need only go to Portugal at the time of the vintage. There he can witness, when the last grapes are being borne to the vat, exactly the rites and the ceremonies which the Roman legions taught the conquered Iberians when Rome was the mistress of the world. It is true that the Christian Church has spread her mantle over the festival and has adopted it as one of her feasts, but it remains a procession all the same, in honour of the pagan god of wine. Another heathen custom, and a very pretty one, which lingers in that out-of-the-way part of Spain at the mouth of the Guadalquivir (where the huge palace of the Dukes of Medina Sidonia is now tenanted by a hospitable American) is that of crowning with flowers the hero of the day in the chase by the maidens of the country-side, and of a dance by them in his honour amidst the bodies of the slain animals. The custom had its rise when men went forth with bow and arrow and spear to slay the boar. The wreath was bestowed on the man fleetest of foot and surest of hand by the votaries of the huntress Diana. Nowadays the wreath goes to the sportsman who holds his rifle straightest, and King Alfonso has this year won it. The maiden votaries of Diana are now the daughters of the keepers and the beaters on the estate; but the dance they dance amidst the dead game, ranged in long lines, is the same which was paced when men believed that the deities lived amongst the clouds on Mount Olympus.

A Byron Centenary.

Every week seems to bring its notable centenary. Last week, crowds gathered every day around the flower-decked statue of William Ewart Gladstone, which stands in the Strand, and remembered that that great orator was born one hundred years ago. Bulgaria and Greece have both done honour to his memory. Greece, which has a long remembrance for the men who have loved her, also celebrated last week the centenary of the landing of Lord Byron at Missolonghi on that expedition which ended in his death. His statue was crowned with flowers, and a hymn written by a Greek poet was sung before it. Greece has not changed much in the last hundred years, and the almost comic events which accompanied the great tragedy of Byron's death might well happen again to-day. To-day the junior officers of both the army and navy in Greece agitate for the removal of their senior officers on

the ground of incompetency, and strongly recommend themselves to take their places. When Byron raised his five hundred wild Suliotes with whom to attack Lepanto, they mutinied and demanded that one hundred and fifty of their number should be made officers. A loan was considered the first interest when it was suggested that Byron should be made Governor-General of Greece.

It is the prospect of a foreign loan which keeps the Grecian Government in its place to-day, as a buffer between the Crown and the military League, which dictates to Parliament which Bills are to be passed without any discussion. The English artificers who went to Missolonghi, under Parry, found the climate unsuitable to their health when they discovered that shooting was part of house-keeping in that turbulent town. The mud was so deep in its gateway that it was said that an enemy would have found it very difficult to force an entry, even if the place had been undefended. Byron, dieting himself to avoid putting on weight, fell a victim to the miasma he breathed when he rode through the marshes with his Suliote bodyguard. The doctors bled him constantly, Parry prescribed brandy, and under this barbarous treatment the poet died in the little town which is doing him honour when his own country seems to have forgotten him.

A Close Time for Flying.

The St. Hubert Club of France is a very serious institution, and cannot be suspected of cracking jokes. All the great noblemen of France who shoot and hunt are members of this society, and there must be some serious reason for the society's request that there should be a close time for flying men, as the passage of air-ships over game-preserves frightens both birds and animals. In England our flying men are so few, and their flights so circumscribed in length, that the question of disturbing game has not become a live one with

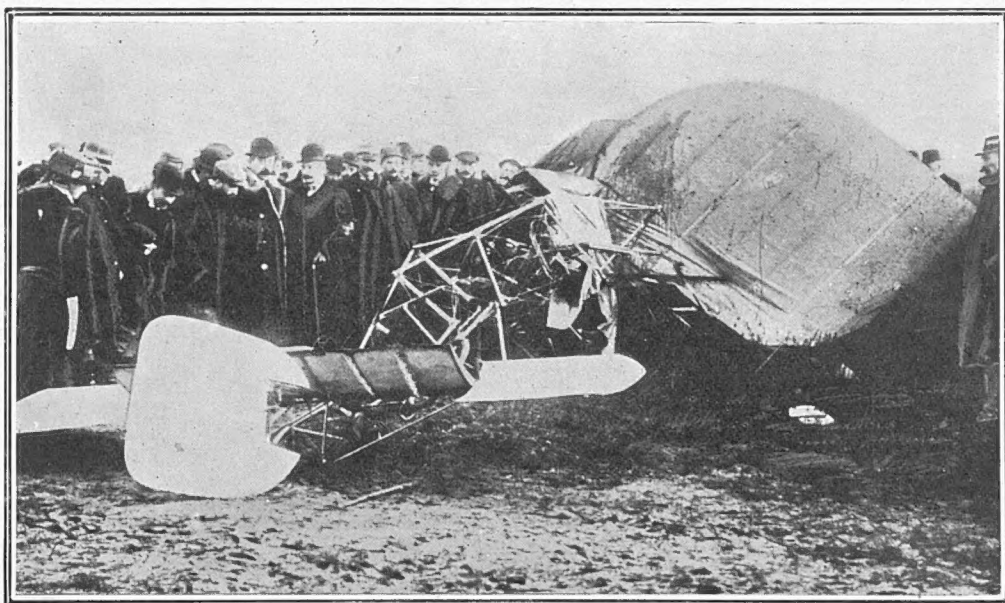
them; but it would be extremely annoying if, on the occasion of the great battue of the season, the owner of well-stocked covers found that his pheasants absolutely refused to rise because an aeronaut was making a trial flight above the woods. The wild deer might desert Exmoor, a grouse-moor might be cleared in a day by an enemy of the proprietor who had hired an air-ship. Feathered mothers sitting on their eggs might be frightened out of their wits by the appearance of an enormous white bird above them. All these things are just possibilities, and we have not yet to consider

them; but the Society of St. Hubert is a serious society, and it must have real reason for its request to the French Government to order aeronauts not to fly during a fixed period of the year.



YET ANOTHER SALOME COSTUME: MISS MARY GARDEN IN "SALOME" AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Photograph by Mishkin.



THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO LEON DELAGRANGE: THE WRECKED AEROPLANE.

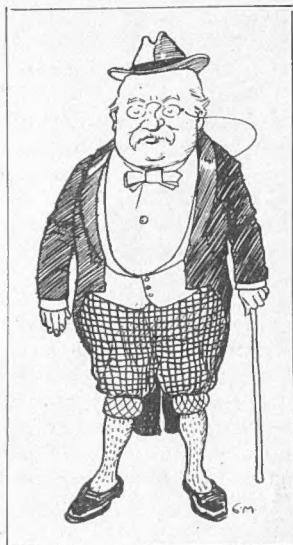
In order to beat speed records, M. Delagrangé had increased his motor-power from 18 to 40 h.p., without correspondingly strengthening the framework, which could not bear the enormous strain. While he flew at great speed the aeroplane's wings suddenly rose and doubled up, like an umbrella blown inside out. The machine darted earthward and struck the ground violently, the aviator being killed on the spot.—[Photograph by W. G. P.]

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

GOOD news from Germany. The papers are urging the people of Berlin to inaugurate an era of sane evening dress. At present the German wears evening dress in the morning and morning dress in the evening. But there is hope, for the advanced guard have got as far as the dinner-jacket, a nondescript thing which London discarded some years ago.



At first sight the list of events already fixed for 1910, in a morning paper, is calculated to give Young England a terrible shock. The General Election is put down for January before the First Test Match at Johannesburg, and it looks as if the compiler were putting them in what he mistakenly considers the order of merit.

But we may breathe again. In April the Football Cup Final at the Crystal Palace is entered before the completion and commissioning of Germany's first full squadron of

four Dreadnoughts. Let us trust that the January announcement was merely a printer's error and not a want of sportsmanship.

While the other nations are perfecting their flying-machines, we are congratulating ourselves on the Report of a Royal Commission on restoring canal traffic in Great Britain. To get a real start of our rivals, we should now examine the question of transport by pack-horses and the rehabilitation of the Ancient British war-chariot for use by the Territorials.

But there is another admirable opening for a Royal Commission. Why not appoint one to examine into the Canals on Mars? Some disrespectful astronomers have lately gone so far as to say that there are no canals on the planet, in spite of Professor Lowell, who can see the Martians throwing up the dirt. A Royal Commission is an absolute necessity for the public peace of mind.

The egg is the most versatile creature on earth. We all know Dan Leno's catalogue of varieties, and recently we have been introduced to the invalid egg. But quite the latest sub-genus is the waltzing-egg, which has its habitat in the

Royal Institution. This sort of egg cannot be an invalid. It must be very fresh indeed before it can think of waltzing.

THE RINKER'S CHIN.

Years ago, the Housemaid's knee Took the fancy of the town As a telling repartee When accused of feeling down. Then we had the motor frown, Following the cycle glare; Both of them achieved renown Equal to the lorgnon stare.

All have passed and had their day, Out of date, no longer "in"; Such grimaces to display, Is a most unmodish sin. If celebrity you'd win As adept in Fashion's ways, Cultivate the Rinker's chin, That's the latest facial craze.



FINGERS WERE MADE BEFORE FORKS. (Chevket Pasha has decided that it is undignified for a Constitutional army to use its fingers at dinner. He has ordered the soldiers to use forks.)

I am a Turkish soldier,
My home is on Lake Van,
At managing a bayonet
I'm smart as any man.
But forks are far more dangerous
To me than to my foes,
For when I tried to use one first
I jabbed it through my nose.

The second time I used the thing
I made another slip,
I missed my mouth by half an inch
And rammed it through my lip.
My cheek is full of holes, my chin
Is ploughed with many scars,
Yet not a medal shall I get
For Chevket Pasha's wars.

Since Christmas influenza has been prevalent in a new form. The general characteristics are sleeplessness, general nervousness, severe headaches, pains in the abdomen and back, and various stomach

symptoms. Curiously enough, this sort of

malady has always been prevalent in the weeks after Christmas, but it used to be called over-eating in the plain Saxon of our forefathers. But "influenza" sounds much better, and shows how far we have progressed in true politeness.

A headline in the papers, "Royal Tradesmen," gave promise of piquant revelations about the Kaiser's china-factory or a Russian Grand Duke's forest in Manchuria, but it turned out to be nothing but a list from the *Gazette* of tradesmen who hold the Royal Warrant. It is too bad of the artists in headlines to pull the public's leg in this fashion.

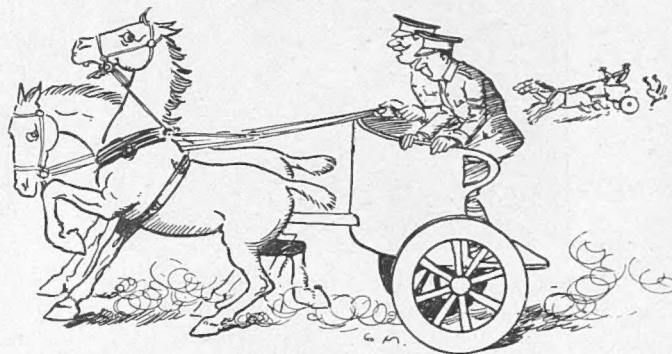
There is a praiseworthy tendency towards greater courtesy in the American Press. Formerly it used to be "Big Bill Taft," or "Fat Bill Taft." Now it is softened into "Mr. Taft on Corporations."

At last we shall hear some real music in poor benighted England. In Richard Strauss' great opera "Elektra" the blows of the hatchet with which Clytemnestra kills Agamemnon are produced musically. By the Harmonious Blacksmith, no doubt.

Furthermore, we shall hear the shuffling feet of the human victims being led to the sacrifice, and the blows of the whip on their naked backs. But there is no need to start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Supers, for the effect will be obtained by striking the drums with whips instead of drumsticks. This is a vast improvement on the insipid melodies which were in vogue "when Music, heavenly maid, was young."

Professor Wrong, of Toronto University, says—"In theory Canada is a colony; in fact, she is an independent nation." It may be that Professor Wrong is right.

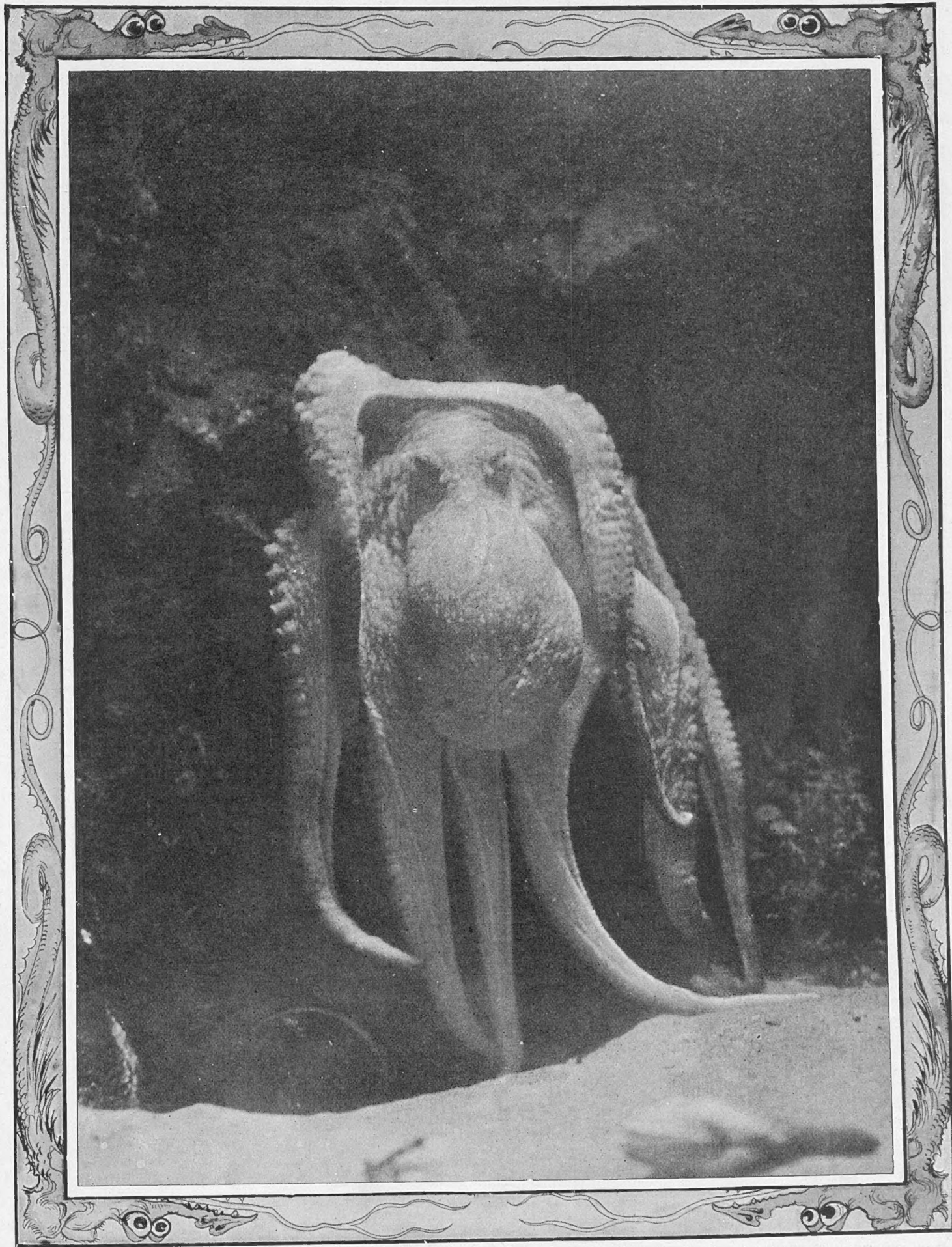
At the Queen's Theatre. "The 'House' opposite"; The George and Dragon.



FOR SALE.

all.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD UNDER THE SEA.



WHEN FOUND, MAKE A NOTE OF: AN OCTOPUS, MORE FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS A CUTTLE-FISH.

The octopus, which has provided many a writer of sea-stories with material for sensational incidents, and no doubt gave Dickens a name for the Captain who is best known by "When found, make a note of," is certainly one of the ugliest of cephalopoda. About ninety species of octopus are known. This particular specimen was caught on the coral-reefs of Bermuda, and is now in the New York Aquarium.—[*Photograph by W. Beasley.*]

SMALL TALK

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE was born at 12, Downing Street; he has lived in Cowley Street, Westminster, in Old Queen Street, Westminster, and next door to his birthplace, at 11, Downing Street, Westminster; and recently he has resided near by in Buckingham Gate. It is true he went to a school as far away as Eton, but there his nickname "Tuppence," given him in token of his father's increase of twopence to the income-tax, reminded him constantly of Westminster. South Africa is a long cry for one who has always lived within earshot of Big Ben, but Mr. Gladstone is a keen cricketer, and he consoles himself by thinking that perhaps South Africa's newly revealed prowess at the wicket will do something to reconcile him to his far-distant post.

The Lion of Ely Place.

TO MARRY LIEUT. VINCENT COOPER, R.N., TO-DAY (THE 12TH): MISS ROSAMOND COCHRAN.

Miss Cochran is the third daughter of Mr. Alexander Cochran, of Ashkirk, Selkirk, Scotland.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

other secrets. It came as a surprise to some, even of his intimates. The secrets of which Sir George has been made a repository during his fifty or so years of solicitoring would amaze the world, says a contemporary. But of course the world must look elsewhere for its amazements. The secrets of Sir George will vanish with him. We all wish them, for his sake, a long life! All the same, Sir George is a mine of anecdotes, which deal, not only with amusing incidents, where no secrecy is required, connected with cases and clients in his large experience, but with matters of interest gathered from all the world over. Perhaps with no other man have professional secrets of importance been so impenetrably safe. When Sir George began life plain speaking in police-courts was not

Sir George Lewis kept the secret of his retirement as well as he has kept many other secrets. It came as a surprise to some, even of his intimates. The secrets of which Sir George has been made a repository during his fifty or so years of solicitoring would amaze the world, says a contemporary. But of course the world must look elsewhere for its amazements. The secrets of Sir George will vanish with him. We all wish them, for his sake, a long life! All the same, Sir George is a mine of anecdotes, which deal, not only with amusing incidents, where no secrecy is required, connected with cases and clients in his large experience, but with matters of interest gathered from all the world over. Perhaps with no other man have professional secrets of importance been so impenetrably safe. When Sir George began life plain speaking in police-courts was not particularly palatable; and something like a shudder passed through the professional world when he

appeared before magistrates and spoke to them even dictatorially, when occasion was. In this respect he was the founder of a new school of defence for accused persons; and to-day his pupils or imitators include, not only fellow-solicitors, but some of the most eminent members of the Bar. Sir George was luckier than many a pioneer, for he made a fortune, and has established his firm as one out of which fortunes are yet to be made. Sir George is a keen Liberal politician. Once he thought of standing for Parliament, and it is not yet certain that he will not go into the House of Lords.

"Sit Still, Sir." Lord Cross and several younger Old Rugbeians are interested in the scheme for honouring Dr. James, the retiring Head of the school. Lord Justice Farwell and his contemporary, Sir William Lee-Warner, both Old Boys of about sixty-five, as well as Lord Sandhurst and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, are also giving their support to a plan which will probably end by compelling Dr. James to sit for his portrait. It is a little revenge for any impositions he may have laid upon his pupils at Rugby, but one that he will not in the least resent.

Lord Charles's Three Fancies. Lord Charles Beresford has won high approval by his downright repudiation of the silly calumny that Germany could conquer us any Christmas Day, when half the men in the Navy (it was said) were drunk and the rest on leave! Lord Charles is too fond of the Navy, of public opinion, and of Christmas Day (his brother Marcus, by the way, kept his birthday on that day) to let pass unchallenged a statement in which there is neither truth nor wit. It is not easy nowadays to be as neat in Naval discussions as was the Duke of Bolton, who said that "everything was at sea—except our fleet."

The Cat Out of the Bag. A story sure to be retold at the present juncture, if only because it does not apply to English electioneering methods, came originally from Mr. Chamberlain through Lady Dorothy Nevill. An Englishman met in a train in Spain the Governor of a province, who was journeying to a local station, there to superintend an election. The Governor obligingly explained to the Englishman the workings of a Spanish election, and he exhibited the ballot-boxes he carried with him. "But what is the black bag for?" asked his companion.

"Oh," replied the Governor, "the bag already contains the majority."

Charity Balls. A hundred years ago many people made their own pills, and even swallowed them. Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey does something much more difficult in making his own golf-balls, and selling them. Many advantages, as Sir Ralph is ready to demonstrate, may be secured by the use of his own particular white pills of pastime; and the proceeds go to a charity in which he is interested. Sir Ralph is an all-round and still active sportsman, and his "Book of Duck Decoys" is a classic in its kind.

TO MARRY MISS ROSAMOND COCHRAN TO-DAY (THE 12TH): LIEUT. VINCENT COOPER, R.N. Lieutenant Cooper is a son of the Canon of Durham.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

A WELCOME GUEST AT ALL THE TYPICAL LIBERAL HOUSES: MISS DOROTHY DREW.

Miss Dorothy Drew, who was one of last year's cleverest débutantes, was as a child very much in the public eye, for she was the G. O. M.'s favourite granddaughter and inseparable companion. Miss Drew has been brought up in a quiet, old-fashioned way by her parents. Her famous grandfather's old friends all take the greatest interest in her welfare, and she is a welcome guest at all the typical "Liberal" houses of those who entertain for the Party. —[Photograph by Lillie Charles.]

TO MARRY MR. JOHN V. SAUNDERSON TO-DAY (THE 12TH): THE HON. EVA MULHOLLAND.

Miss Mulholland is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Dunleath. Mr. Saunderson is a son of the late Colonel Saunderson, and a nephew of Lord Ventry.

Photograph by Lillie Charles.

TO MARRY MR. THOMAS ODDY TO-DAY (THE 12TH): MISS DOROTHY SICHEL.

Miss Sichel, of Vernon House, Bradford, is the only child of the late Colonel H. D. Sichel and of Mrs. Sichel. The wedding is to take place to-day at Bradford parish church.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE QUEEN.

HER MAJESTY'S FAVOURITE HOME: SANDRINGHAM.



1. THE WHITE DRAWING ROOM.

2. THE DRAWING ROOM.

The charming living-rooms in Sandringham Hall reflect far more closely than do those of Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle the personal tastes of our King and Queen. Of late years some interesting additions have been made both to the furniture and to the works of art which embellish their Majesties' country home. The Queen's boudoir, however, remains practically unaltered, and, indeed, recalls to a curious extent the room which was fitted up for the then Princess of Wales as a bride in the first Sandringham Hall. In the drawing-room are many charming pieces of embroidery, sketches, and screens worked by the royal Princesses and their friends, and the general effect is very informal and homelike. The libraries are a great feature of Sandringham, and are particularly excellent from the point of view of the sportsman and the traveller.—

Photographs by Ralph, Dersingham.

(Continued overleaf.)

CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

IT has been suggested that the King, as "a Norfolk man," will take a special interest in the appointment of Dr. Sheepshanks' successor to the Bishopric of Norwich, and that his Majesty's

dislike of clerical beards and moustaches will be taken into account. This ridiculous suggestion is backed by a story of a young cleric who delighted his Majesty by removing a moustache. We now only wait to be assured that Dr. Sheepshanks is retiring, not because of his long tenure of the office, but because of his long beard; or that his Majesty, as head of the Church, has decided at last to shave his own chin—the very last process that he would care to undertake. And the royal beard of England promises to be as hereditary as the royal Crown.

A Ruler of Robes. The Duchess of Buccleuch has been so long

associated with the office of Mistress of the Robes that the office has almost come to be identified with the lady and the lady with the office. The time has now arrived when she feels that to be entirely mistress of herself is her first obligation in life. It would be unduly courageous

if, after celebrating her golden wedding, the Duchess continued to respond to the calls, however slight, that must necessarily be put upon the holder of the position. The Buccleuch Hunt has just presented to the Buccleuch Duke an admirable portrait of the Duchess, by Mr. J. J. Shannon.

The Elveden Party.

Iveagh's house-party at Elveden consisted

Lord and Lady

LORD RIBBLESDALE'S SECOND DAUGHTER: THE HON. LAURA LISTER.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

Birds in the Blues. It was easy to see,

when the Duke of Connaught visited the exhibition of pictures

A WORKER FOR HER FATHER, MR. DAVISON DALZIEL, AT BRISTON; MRS. NAGELMACKERS.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

of the usual King's dozen, including Lord and Lady Farquhar, the Marquis de Soveral, and others equally familiar. One entry on the list published in the papers, however, was unexpected—the name of Mr. Henry James. Until one read that Mrs. Henry James was also present it was puzzling to discover the connection between Elveden and the Anglo-American novelist. But as he has created no Mrs. Henry James, the mistake seems to emanate from the printer, and Mr. and Mrs. Willie James may be reinstated in their accustomed place at such gatherings.

Bourdon House. The Earl and Countess of Essex, who have been entertaining at Cassiobury, have now decided to make London their headquarters for some little time to come. Bourdon House, on the brink of Berkeley Square, is a residence not easy to resist; and Lady Essex, who is an American, is sure to make

the most of its advantages as a conveniently situated and charmingly arranged town dwelling. Miss Leslie, the former occupant of Bourdon House, was not a great entertainer, so that the interior of the quaint place is not very familiar. Miss Leslie, by the way, did not live long enough to see a sight that would have astonished her—that of her great-nephew as a Nationalist candidate in Ireland. If Mr. Shane Leslie wins Derry, Mr. Winston Churchill will have a first-cousin in the ranks of Mr. Redmond.

The Conservative in the Conservatory. Even in the rather trying light of

Lord Harrowby's conservatories at Sandon Hall, Mr. Balfour looked hardly anything the worse for his recent indisposition. He had opposed it with characteristic stubbornness; and when he was not scribbling political notes with an invalid's pencil, he was spraying his throat with an industry that must have killed him if it had not cured him. The wonder is that Mr. Balfour looks and keeps so young. It is ten years

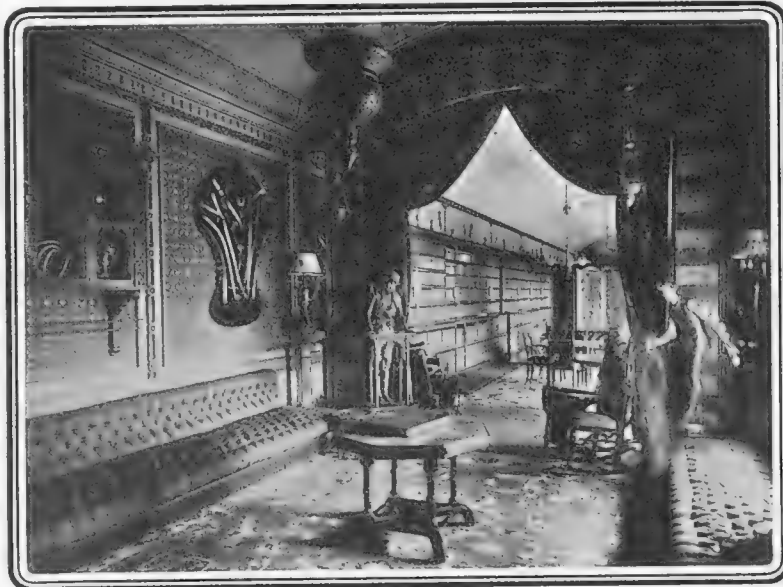
since Lord Ronald Gower, a good observer, wrote that he saw "Rosebery, looking very old and grey; Arthur Balfour, also very

grizzled. Richmond and I were both struck by the very aged look of nearly all those we knew; in some instances it was positively gruesome." But that was on the occasion of Gladstone's funeral, and at funerals we all look aged—or ought to.

Birds in the Blues. It was easy to see,

when the Duke of Connaught visited the exhibition of pictures

of big game, in Bond Street, one day last week, that he is as familiar with the points of a lion or a leopard as the average "horsy" Englishman is with the points of a thoroughbred. But the next night his Royal Highness saw in the Haymarket a feathered creature that would puzzle many a naturalist. The *dramatis aves* in "The Blue-Bird" are very much made up, and even the Duke could not be expected to recognise, under layers of blue dye, the common pigeon of commerce. "Poor thing! How she will ruin her skin!" is the exclamation in the stalls when an elaborately painted actress swims into the circle of the opera-glass. Something of the same sympathy should be extended to the blue pigeons, if it is true, as people report, that the dye is apt to be fatal to them after a few nights' performances. Birds should be in the blue, where poets put them. In the blues is quite another matter.



THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE HOME: THE LIBRARY AT SANDRINGHAM.

Photograph by Ralph, Dersingham.



LORD RIBBLESDALE'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER: THE HON. DIANA LISTER.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



LORD RIBBLESDALE'S SECOND DAUGHTER: THE HON. LAURA LISTER.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



A WORKER FOR HER FATHER, MR. DAVISON DALZIEL, AT BRISTON; MRS. NAGELMACKERS.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE HOME: THE BILLIARD-ROOM AT SANDRINGHAM.

Photograph by Ralph, Dersingham.

REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE QUEEN.

HER MAJESTY'S FAVOURITE HOME: SANDRINGHAM.



1. THE DINING-ROOM.

2. A SALON.

Continued.

—The dining-room, where so many interesting gatherings of fair women and brave men have taken place, is particularly noted, even among other royal rooms of the kind, for the splendid Spanish tapestries which were presented to our Sovereign by the late King of Spain. Comfort rather than display is the keynote of the interior of Sandringham, but beauty and stately splendour have not been forgotten, and each of the rooms is nobly proportioned. Both the King and Queen are very fond of flowers and living plants, and perhaps what most strikes the visitors to Sandringham is the wealth of beautiful blossoms to be found in every room.

Photographs by Ralph, Dersingham.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By J. W.

IT happened that "Henry of Navarre" was revived and "Sir Walter Raleigh" celebrated his hundredth performance (or some such event), and both were by Mr. William Devereux—and that was all there was in that particular week. The opportunity arises, therefore, of conducting an inquiry into the manners and customs of the inhabitants of Devereux-land; an inquiry which will be considerably longer than it would be if there were anything else to talk about. But there isn't.

Now, this country must by no means be treated with disrespect. It is a most popular country, and it never seems to lose its popularity. There is a curious similarity in its events; but most remarkable of all is the inability of the other members of the company to slaughter Mr. Lewis Waller (or Mr. Fred Terry, as the case may be). Large bodies of them are always desiring to do so; but marvellous must be the number of times those heroes have drawn themselves up and the assassin's hand has dropped helpless. It is usually some trick which wins the day; and there is a worthy rivalry between the two heroes as to which of them can discover a trick the more childlike and foolish. Curtains and cupboards are essential elements; and the more obvious the trap and the folly of the victims, the greater is the glory and the more ecstatic the applause. And it is always the same. For years past—perhaps not in plays by Mr. Devereux, but plays set in Devereux-land—I remember Mr. Waller suddenly throwing off a mask or cloak and turning out to be the very man who was wanted. This time Mr. Fred Terry plays this trick, and is the audience down-hearted? Certainly not. They look forward to seeing Mr. Waller playing it again, and there is a certain grim and splendid doggedness in the author, who is not dismayed by the fact that it has been done so often before.

If any excuse is wanted, it is, I suppose, that these things happen so in that land, and there is an end on't. It may be so. Fate is an irresistible thing. Mr. Devereux apparently tries to struggle against it at times. For instance, there is on the programme of "Henry of Navarre" a short historical disquisition, from which we see that he has been drinking at the fount of inspiration of the Renaissance, that he has been digging—not deeply, perhaps, but deep enough—in the records of the age. He has unearthed some interesting facts about the time—its smells, its poetry, its cookery, and so on; he has even discovered a moral: to wit, that "the world has

never lacked great and good men." Thus fortified, he has come to the task of writing "Henry of Navarre"; but fate has been too strong, fortunately for the material success of the play. What would happen if Mr. Waller or Mr. Terry and Miss Neilson one day appeared in a play in which the characters behaved like human beings it is terrible to contemplate. I have long given up the

hope of seeing Mr. Terry and Miss Neilson make the attempt: they have gone to Devereux-land for ever long ago. But of Mr. Waller I have never entirely despaired.

Yet "Sir Walter Raleigh" is discouraging. It suggests a weak resignation to fate. Does Mr. Waller seriously feel that he is doing worthy things when he is diving out of the window into the river, or piling furniture up the staircase, or hiding with the Queen while the conspirators run off in the wrong direction? I wonder. It would have been cleverer, one would have thought, not to call the hero Raleigh or the heroine Elizabeth, for then there might have been some possibility of one or other of them being killed. As it is, we know neither of them came to an end on a stormy night in an empty house in Moorfields; and consequently we can feel no doubt as to the result. But it is characteristic of Devereux-land, and of those lands where flourish the still more crude forms of melodrama, that there need be no doubt as to the result: the world takes its thrills more comfortably if it knows them not to be serious. Otherwise you can only have one real thrill per play, and that at the end. In "Henry of Navarre," when Henry first, and then Marguerite, is about to drink the poisoned cup, there is an ample guarantee that the tragedy will not happen in the fact that we have only reached the end of the second act, and admirers of Miss Neilson and Mr. Terry would be entirely dissatisfied with a play carried on by their executors; but apparently this is not regarded as detracting from the effect; and in the same way Mr. Waller may fight duel after duel without raising a single qualm. But he will go on fighting duels and drawing himself up and withering his adversaries with a curl of the lip; and while he does it all with such an air, who is there will say him nay? He is an institution of our stage: and one does not closely criticise the conduct of institutions.

Yet there is in "Sir Walter Raleigh" one element which is new and strange. The Elizabeth of Miss Winifred Emery has in her the elements of reality. Miss Emery is not quite the peevish, ill-tempered elderly lady who would off with people's heads: rather

is she gracious and kindly, with a touch of sentiment, and she does not take quite naturally to the part. But her performance stands out as a real character-sketch. When she is angry her anger seems to matter; and where so little matters this is something to be thankful for. It is true that she eludes her Court and pays a visit alone on a dark night to an empty

house to meet her favourite at a time when she is angling for the favour of another (who, by the way, loyally refrains from asking awkward questions, even in circumstances of extreme provocation); but in this she only obeys her author. It only shows how difficult it is in this strange country, even with the best intentions, to keep to the path of common-sense.



"THE WELSH PATTI": MISS AMY EVANS, WHO IS NOW PLAYING SELENE, THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES, IN "FALLEN FAIRIES," AT THE SAVOY. Miss Amy Evans, called "the Welsh Patti," has taken up the part of Selene in the new Gilbert and German opera. Miss Evans, who was born in October 1884, in Glamorgan, is the daughter of a South Wales mining official. Before her marriage, her mother, as Miss Leah Davies, was well known as a concert singer.



EXPELLING A MEMBER FROM HIS CLUB IN THE DAYS OF THE CORINTHIANS: THE EXAMINATION OF A WITNESS IN THE CASE OF SIR JOHN HAWKER, IN "THE HOUSE OF TEMPERLEY," AT THE ADELPHI.

One of the most interesting of the scenes in "The House of Temperley" is that in which the Committee inquire into the conduct of Sir John Hawker, and eventually expel him from the club. In our photograph the first three figures (reading from left to right) are Miss Joyce Francis as Mary, the bar-girl, Mr. Charles Rock as Sir John Hawker, Mr. Stratton Rodney as Lord Ruffon. On the extreme right is Mr. Ben Webster as Sir Charles Temperley. (Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.)

THE YOUNG WIFE OF THE MOTHER-IN-LAW PLAY.



MISS MARIE LÖHR AS JULIET IN "LITTLE MRS. CUMMIN," AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

Juliet and her Romeo, Clarence Eglamore, are much troubled in the first days of their married life by Juliet's mother, who persists in arranging the young couple's home for them precisely in the manner in which they do not want it arranged. The result is much lamentation on the part of Clarence in particular; and much surprise for Little Mrs. Cummin, who cannot understand why she is not popular.—[Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.]

GROWLS

By BERYL FABER (MRS. COSMO HAMILTON).

How to Growl—That is the Question. To Growl—that is easy, but how to Growl to order—that is the question. Especially on paper. To sit and think of a growl appears to me the most trying thing on earth. While the rain beats against the windows, and the sou'-wester howls down the chimney and hurls itself against the walls, I can simply grizzle in the most appalling forms of English. But in the word "growl" there is a certain dignity suggestive of the lioness, who, though she may growl, can never grizzle. And yet I have plenty of things to grizzle—excuse me, Mr. Editor—growl about. Has it ever struck any lover of Brummell's what a dreary thing life might be with Brummell *en masse*? Brummell, not in tabloid form, but in the altogether? Brummell for breakfast, Brummell for lunch, Brummell for tea, Brummell for dinner? Eh! What? I mean. And then to be a woman. . . . A woman. What a growl! What a dreary, weary, desolate waste of time, of energy, of phosphorus! Woman starts in the race of life so badly handicapped that she never turns the Tattenham Corner of success until man is well past the winning-post. Presumably she is handicapped out of the race because of the amazing jealousy which she has awakened in man from the time of Eve. There is a task no man can perform—a task in which women have made a corner. Woman holds the proud, the isolated, the glorious prerogative of bringing man into the world.

Suffragettes. No, no; I don't want the vote, but I think our great dramatist knew something about this when he made a person in one of his plays say, "If my little boy had lived, he should have grown up tender to women—tender to women—he should—he should." Here is cause for a growl—this foolish duel between man and his mother! Men have only themselves to blame for the Suffragettes. Why are they not tender to women? I am not thinking of



THE SHOP ON A LINER—THE EXTERIOR.

Grecian beauties and toothful smiles. I am talking—or is it writing—shall we say, trying to write?—about ordinary women, just women.

The Spoiling of Men.

For centuries of centuries we women have spoiled and idolised you men. First, I gravely fear, from motives of vanity—that we, we have brought into the world such straight, strong, wonderful creatures. And the consequence is that you men forget your obligation to us women. I doubt if you even allow that we do place you under an obligation at all by bringing you into the world. If you do allow that, then admit it to us, to the whole world admit, that you can't do without us anyhow, and exit the Suffragette. There are a good many more women than men in the world, and if they all go on developing muscles and pugilistic sentiments, men may have a bad time in the world's future boxing-ring. Threats are ugly, and this is only a growl. But men might find themselves in a pretty awkward position if women ever really combined, formed a trade-union for themselves. In the back of my head I believe that is the end of the world for the human race. No children will be born at all. In some of the corners of the earth it's looking just a little like it now. But, in any case, I wouldn't be a woman if I could help it.

Given Enough Earth.

Anyhow, I have decided that the sexes are not fair to one another, and that the tussle will end by there being no sexes left at all. I shall not have to growl about being a woman then, for I rather fancy I shall not exist. I may be in the tail of Halley's Comet; or I may be a shooting star. Shooting stars have always had a fascination for me. And there seems to be a vague impression about that one goes on being something all the time. Anyhow, I seem to be a rambler at the moment instead of a grumbler. Well, I would rather be a William Allen Richardson than a woman any day. He knows what he has got to do, and, given enough earth, he does it. As far as that goes, I know what I've got to do, and, given enough room, I would do it. But—another comprehensive word—but I am not allowed—again the male supremacy—to write any more.



THE SHOP ON A LINER—THE INTERIOR.

BELOVED OF THE LADIES: A GENERAL SHOP ON A LINER.

To the barber's shop and the newspaper stall that are a feature of so many great passenger steam-ships, the Red Star Company has added a shop for the sale of general articles, which has been opened aboard the "Lapland." It is stocked with all sorts of goods likely to be of use to passengers, and is well patronised.

Mothers Out of Fashion.

I am not perfectly certain that this is a good growl. On the face of it, woman's position appears unassailable. But here is the point. Mothers are going out of fashion. Children are to be brought down from the stars in aeroplanes. That is the very last word. And men, by inventing aeroplanes, have at last got even with their mothers. (I am perfectly well aware, Mr. Editor, that this is balderdash, but you have been printing "Brummell" every week for some few months. Need I say more?) Think of the things women cannot be. They cannot be jockeys. There is a fearful loss of income. Of course, it is possible to be a Suffragette—I mean (pardon the Brummell habit; I really forget whether Brummell caught it from me or whether I caught it from Brummell), to be a Suffragette is fairly simple. One is canvassed from all sides. But my feeling is that it doesn't help one to be a real man, but can only produce a hooligan. No; there's only one thing for it—to be born again. If I were a man, I should be ashamed to have driven women to be

The World—Through the Eyes of a Pessimist.



7 38974 No. II.—WHEN HE IS DISTURBED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT BY A MOUSE.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

STAR TURNS

THE THEATRE IN
THE "HALLS."

The Same—with a Difference.

Budding dramatists, rejoice! The one-act play has come into its own at last, after having seemed destined to disappear entirely from the face of the theatrical earth. Changed and improved almost beyond recognition, it has been rescued from the obscurity of "Preceded at 8 by —," on the theatrical programme, and promoted to the star turn of the evening as a "music-hall sketch." It is a sign of the times in which all can rejoice, for it makes work for the dramatist, artistic variety for the actor, and better entertainment for the audience. What a gulf there is between the "dramatic episode" of the music-hall of to-day and the one-act "curtain-raiser" of the past! Where formerly we had the junior members of the cast trying their 'prentice hands in a sentimental trifle on a half-filled house, we now have a thirty-minute thrill of tense drama, played by people who are masters of their art.

Economy in Drama.

All this is good for the drama, for it increases the chances of the hitherto Great Unacted a hundredfold. There are possibly as great differences in the art of writing a "sketch" and a three-act play as there are in a short story and a lengthy novel; but in both cases there are greater chances of getting the shorter one read and accepted. Moreover, if a budding dramatist can "fit" a well-known "star" with a successful part for a sketch, he stands a very fair chance of being asked to operate on a larger scale by and by. Then, too, the sketch offers such advantages to the economical writer. For although one fine scene or one striking character will not make a play, either will serve to make a very presentable "episode" for a thirty-minute "turn." Indeed, there are several plays by well-known dramatists which have been produced in town in recent years without very conspicuous success which might well be taken down and dusted and cut up into one or more music-hall sketches.

Art and the Actor-Manager.

The interpretation of the playlet in the "halls" is at first a bewilderment to the players, and we have the edifying spectacle of actor-managers of ripe experience having to alter their mannerisms and study entirely new methods in order to cope with the altered "atmosphere." Which must surely be good for the actor-manager. He is able, too, to satisfy his artistic soul by trying experiments which neither his audience nor his business instincts would permit in his own theatre. As Mr. Bouchier told an interviewer the other day, "The conventional happy ending, which has been so much discussed of late, is not necessary if the sketch be played at a variety house. The reason for this is that, however deeply the

feelings of the audience may have been harrowed, the tragic or pathetic trifle is certain to be followed by a 'comic 'turn.' By this means the author is able to express himself properly, without making rubbish of his play by giving it the conventional happy ending."

Food for Fidgets.

In this age of hustle the dawn of the new era in music-hall performances is particularly good for the members of the audience. We are all fidgets nowadays, and it is good for the man who has a soul above performing dogs and the song with a chorus to be able to get a little bit of drama which tends to thought without being obliged to sit cramped up for three hours in one small seat, and without the solace which cigar or cigarette affords. It is good for the man-about-town, who must dine decently before his evening's amusement, or who wishes to have time to sup sumptuously when it is over. It is good for the business man, who can go straight from his office, if so minded, and it is best of all for that great pillar of the State, the Suburbanite, who can venture forth to the music-hall with barely a quarter the inconvenience a visit to a legitimate theatre entails. But that the music-hall sketch will ever injure the regular playhouse it is difficult to believe—indeed, it is much more likely to send more people from the music-halls to the theatre than it takes away. There are thousands of people who patronise music-halls who never enter a theatre where "serious" plays are on the bill; but what more natural than that some such "appetiser" as the performance of Arthur Bouchier and Violet Vanbrugh in "The Knife" should make them hunger for more substantial dramatic fare? Whilst, as for "Jellicoe and the Fairies," it is much too airy and slight for any regular theatre. It is a dainty thing of joy, which could be played only in its present environment.

Thirty-Minute Thrills.

The music-hall sketch has its limitations (thirty minutes at present, by virtue of the Stage Plays Act) and the difficulty of riveting the attention of a huge, restless audience from the very first minute and working clean through

to the climax in that short space of time is tremendous, and entails a far greater strain than the average audience imagines. Indeed, it is such a breathless rush to get it all in in time that it is apt occasionally to make for scamped work. Another failing is the tendency towards the gruesome which nearly all the sketch-writers are displaying at present. Surely it is possible to obtain tense thrills of drama without melodramatic murders, either "on" or "off." Then, too, the tremendous size of the stage at most of the big "halls" is a great handicap to the legitimate actor. The music-hall method and the music-hall audience have an "atmosphere" all their own.



THE NEW PATRIOTIC BALLET, Mlle. BRITTA
AS THE SPIRIT OF THE FLAG, IN "OUR
FLAG," AT THE ALHAMBRA.



"SO LONGY" AND "SO SHORTY": THE MARCO TWINS, AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Photograph by G. Sykes and Fowler.

AND — CHARGE !

FOR SALE.



GALLANT SOLDIER (*requested, suddenly, to ask a blessing*): For all we are about to receive—er—fix bayonets!

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

THE MAN AND THE BEASTS.*

CARL HAGENBECK'S father was a fishmonger and a man of enterprise. In March 1848 the fishmonger received from fishermen who were under contract to deliver to him the whole of their haul six seals that had been found entangled in their nets; immediately the man of enterprise, realising that the curiosity with which he himself examined the animals might be shared by his fellow-citizens, exhibited the creatures in two great wooden tubs at his house in St. Pauli, charging an entrance-fee of one Hamburg shilling per head—that is to say, about one penny. The idea proved so profitable that he took the seals to Berlin, and showed them there. The Berliners of those days were less sophisticated than are those who walk Unter der Linden in the days of the war scare, and they flocked to see the strange beasts from the seas. "From that time onwards," says Mr. Hagenbeck, "my father commenced to carry on a trade in living animals in addition to his work as purveyor of food-fish." Yet he was by no means sure of the commercial value of his new business. In 1858 he called upon his son Carl to decide whether he would become fishmonger or animal-dealer, advising him, finally, to take up fishmongery as being the less speculative trade. Young Carl chose the more novel undertaking. It is evident that he has never regretted his action. His life is a record of hard work, of exemplary patience, of knowledge acquired at the cost of health and pocket, but a life that must have been, and must be, fascinating. Problems of capture, transport, acclimatisation, and training met Carl Hagenbeck on every hand. Of each he has much that is interesting and valuable to say.

"Hunting cavalades are engaged, receive their directions, are equipped with arms and ammunition, and set off in various directions. The method which these cavalades generally pursue in the capture of young animals is to chase the herd until the young, lagging behind, can be isolated from their parents." That is simple enough, yet can be dangerous. Other beasts are caught by means of traps. That, again, is comparatively simple. The chief difficulty lies in the removing of the captives. The catching of snakes would seem, to the layman, a hazardous profession. Mr. Hagenbeck would disabuse him. "Of all the animals which the dealer endeavours to catch," he says, "perhaps none are so easy or less dangerous than snakes. . . . The most remarkable way of finding snakes is that resorted to by the snake-finders of India, who discover them by the smell. They go in the early morning, when the creatures are torpid, taking with them their baskets and ropes, and proceed to smell out their quarry, which are thereupon dug out of their holes and secured. Many large species, including the python, are caught in this fashion."

After capture comes transport. "To return to the seriba at Atbara. . . . The caravan commences its march shortly before sunset. . . . The larger animals are driven along by one or more attendants—a giraffe taking three persons; an elephant from two to four, an antelope, two, and an ostrich, if large, also two. The smaller animals . . . are carried in cages. . . . Right in the midst

of our procession there marches a group of camels harnessed in pairs. Over the pack-saddles of each pair are laid two stout poles, and from these poles, between the two animals, hangs a large cage, made of strong rods, bound together with strips of hide. Each cage contains a young hippopotamus, who, in spite of his youth, weighs with his cage well over a quarter of a ton. Each of these distinguished travellers requires a large party to wait upon him; for, in addition to the two camels which convey him along, six or eight others are required for carrying the water which he demands continuously throughout the journey, as also for the bath—made of tanned ox-hide—which he enjoys every day during the long halt. Hundreds of head of sheep and goats are driven along with the procession, the nanny-goats providing a constant supply of milk for the young animals, and the remainder being used as food for the carnivores."

Of acclimatisation, Mr. Hagenbeck writes: "No fallacy is more widespread than that wild animals have to be kept throughout the winter carefully guarded from the effects of the low temperature.

In Stellingen we keep lions, tigers, giraffes, ostriches, and other tropical animals wandering freely about in the open, though they always have access to cover if they should wish for it. . . .

During the first three winters of the present century, when I used to keep ostriches in the ordinary manner in heated stables, I lost no fewer than twenty of these birds. . . . In the winter of 1903-4, I allowed my African ostriches, as also a two-spotted cassowary, to have access to the open air—

except when there was slippery ice, which would make it dangerous. All the birds survived and thrived excellently. Ever since, I have kept them during the winter in unheated stables, from which they could walk out at any time into the fresh air."

On matters of training, Mr. Hagenbeck has equally strong views. Not for him are the old, bad ways. "When I introduced the humane system of training, as I may call it," he writes, "I not only substituted for the whip and the red-hot iron a kindly method of educating the creatures (based upon an intelligent system of rewards and punishments), but I also instituted the practice of studying the character of each individual animal before including it in a troupe. . . . The trainer carries a whip, but far more important than this is the leather pocket attached to his belt, for it is here that he keeps the little pieces of meat which are to reward the young carnivores for their obedience."

Such, very briefly, is the nature of Mr. Hagenbeck's most engrossing book. Possibly the author will add another to it. Should he send a second special expedition to the interior of Rhodesia, the world may be startled by a discovery that will make his name famous for all time. From a number of quarters, tales have reached him of "an immense and wholly unknown animal . . . a large monster, half elephant, half dragon." He believes that these must refer to some kind of dinosaur, seemingly akin to the brontosaurus, and is almost convinced that some such reptile must be still in existence. He despatched one party in search of the beast. That failed: he thinks that another might succeed, and "if this prodigious dinosaur, which is supposed to have been extinct for hundreds of thousands of years, be still in existence, what other wonders may not be brought to light?"



ACCLIMATISATION EXTRAORDINARY: OSTRICHES IN THE SNOW.

Reproduced from Messrs. Hugh S. R. Elliot's and A. G. Thacker's abridged translation of Mr. Carl Hagenbeck's "Beasts and Men," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.

WHY HE WAS BORNE AWAY.

FOR SALE



THE TOURIST: Are you a native of these parts?

THE MAN WITH THE BARROW: Phwat is ut ye mane? Do ye mane wuz I livin' here when I wuz born, or wuz I born before I begun livin' here?

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

DELIA'S DREAM AND MINE.

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

"DO you know, I had such an extraordinary dream last night," said Delia, as she poured out my first cup of tea at breakfast. "A delightful dream it was, instead of those horrid things one generally dreams about—falling down precipices, and bulls, and trying to catch trains, and all that; this was quite different."

She had handed me my cup, and now, forgetting her own, sat with her elbows on the table and an absent look in her eyes.

"Well, what was it?" I asked.

Delia came back from dreamland with a sigh, and stirred her tea. "It wasn't so much what it was," she explained cryptically, "as the feeling of it."

"What sort of feeling? Rapture?" I hazarded.

"Yes, that's just it," assented Delia. "I thought I was on a golf-links, playing, you know" (Delia knows as much of golf as she does of Coptic), "and I had what you call (you know) a stymie in my hand, and I made a splendid shot with it, and a man there was awfully nice." She drew breath. "He was the most delightful man you ever saw."

"I didn't see him," I interjected, but Delia paid no heed.

"And somehow or other I knew we were engaged; and——"

"What?" I said, sitting up.

"Oh, it was only a dream, you know, of-course," said Delia deprecatingly. "He had about ten thousand a year, and a lovely country place, and several motors, and a beautiful collection of pictures, because I went over it afterwards."

"I should like," I said, laying down my knife and fork, "to know exactly when you went over this place."

"In my dream, silly," said Delia impatiently, "and there was the loveliest lot of jewels you ever saw——"

"I never"—I began, but Delia continued, with a rapt and almost ecstatic look on her face.

"There were two ropes of pearls, and plenty of diamonds, and a tiara much better than Lady Duncombe's." She drew a long, sighing breath, and then went on. "And we were going to be married the day after."

"After you played golf?" I inquired severely.

"Ye—no—o, I don't know; I suppose so," said Delia, who was obviously not interested in a paltry question of date. "And then I found out he was a lord."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "Not till after you were engaged! Do you mean to say you didn't know his name when——"

"His name was Lord Apeschill. Don't you think it's a nice name?" asked Delia dreamily.

"I think it's a most ugly name," I declared. "It sounds something between a monkey and an illness."

"Walter was his first name," purred Delia softly.

"Look here," said I firmly, "I should like to know one thing before we go any farther. Where did I come in?"

"Oh, you came in," said Delia sweetly. "You were—what do you call the person who picks up the balls in golf?"

I have explained that Delia does not know very much about golf. She probably meant caddie.

"Oh!" I threw as much sarcasm and irony and wit into this remark as was practicable in the close space. Delia sighed reminiscently, and took some marmalade.

[Continued overleaf.]



THE ENTR'ACTE.

HE: What shall we do when we come out?

SHE: That depends! If they're married, we'll go home; but if the villain is killed, we'll go out to supper.

UNCERTAIN; COY; AND HARD TO PLEASE.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE



THE LADY: I want a hat for my husband, please, but I've no idea what size he takes.

THE SHOP-ASSISTANT: I should say about twelve and a-half, Madam. Gents who have their hats chosen by their wives usually take about that size.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOWE.

HER MISTRESS (who has received a broad hint that an extra "evening haff" will be welcomed): Cook tells me, Mary, that you want to go out with a young man this evening. Is it urgent?

HERSELF: No, Mum, it ain't. He's me own gent.

DRAWN BY HARRY LOWE.



THE LADY WITH THE FEATHER: "'No,'" I said, "'this is too much. I've allowed you to buy me flowers and chocolates and to take me to theatres and dinners; I have even granted you the liberty of hiring a motor for me—and this,'" I said, "'is all the thanks I get—you try to kiss me.'"

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

"I woke up just as we were going to be married," she said sadly.

"And high time too," I said indignantly. "Where on earth we should have got to if—I think I prefer those dreams of yours when you fall off precipices, though you do call out so, or—"

"Don't be horrid, George!" said Delia severely. "You can't help your dreams."

"No, but you can help gloating over them," I said.

"I think you're very absurd," said Delia, with dignity.

"Here you were engaged to some barber's-block millionaire, and you could only conceive of me as a miserable caddie. I would have refused to pick up balls for you."

"You can't help your dreams, as I have said," said Delia, with chilling superiority; "and, if it comes to that," she added, "you never dream of me at all."

"Oh, yes, I do," I declared; "not often, of course, for I'm a profound sleeper as a rule. But I do sometimes; I did the other night."

I stared meditatively through the window on to the sunlit lawn and the daffodils shaking in the spring breeze.

"It was rather an odd, attractive sort of dream."

"Tell me," said Delia eagerly, "was it all about me?"

"Well, not—not quite," I confessed. "But you were in it in a sort of way."

"Who was it about?" asked Delia quickly.

"Well, it was really mostly about someone I didn't know—not a real person, you know," I explained. "She—"

"She?" Delia pricked up her ears.

"She was, in her way, a remarkably beautiful woman," I went on musingly. "Quite young, and with that very lovely *blonde cendré* hair, don't you know?"

"It's only worn by second-rate actresses," said Delia curtly.

"With a wave in it, you know—a natural wave, not like most people's." My eye roamed over Delia's head, quite unconsciously, of course.

"You needn't be insulting," she snapped.

"My dear," I declared, opening my eyes, "I'm only just telling you what happened in my dream."

"No, you weren't," said Delia crossly. "What did happen?"

"Of course, I wasn't engaged to the girl," I went on hastily. "I merely admired her very much, as—as, well, as no one could have helped admiring her. We were in the conservatory alone together at a dance, and I could hear the distant music of the band—"

"Indeed!" said Delia in a distinctly chilly voice.

"Then it all changed," I hurried on. "You know what dreams are. Somehow or other we were walking in a field, and there was a pool of water, and—"

"Do get on; don't take all the morning over it," said Delia irritably.

"Well, it changed again," I rushed on—"at least, I mean, somehow or other she was in the water, struggling for life."

"Ah!" Delia's eyes gleamed.

"I made a plunge in, seized her, and dragged her from the pool, dripping with water. I carried her in my arms to the bank and laid her down; her beautiful hair had come down and was hanging over my shoulder. Its perfume came up to me. I could feel the beat of her heart very fast; and then, I don't know what made me do it, but as I bent over her she looked so sweet and helpless—"

Delia had been ominously quiet, and I had not dared to meet her eyes.

"What did you do?" she asked in a hard, metallic voice. I did meet her eyes then, and I wavered. Delia can look very awe-inspiring.

"I—I rolled her back into the water," I said.

There was a moment's pause, and then Delia exclaimed in another tone, "How perfectly horrid of you, George! How could you?"

"I don't know why I did it. You know what dreams are!" I murmured.

"Oh, yes, aren't they funny things?" said Delia lightly. "Some more marmalade, dear?"

A Novel in a Nutshell.

ANONYMOUS.

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

THE Lecturer unfolded a pale-green newspaper and adjusted his eyeglasses.

"Curiously enough," he said, "I have in to-night's *Whitehall Gazette* a little poem that exactly illustrates my point. Under the title 'Snow in March,' I find—"

But neither of them ever knew what he found. The young man leaned forward with a sudden expectant rigidity, and the girl looked at him.

"Yours?" she whispered searchingly.

He nodded, reddening with delight.

The Lecturer read a single stanza, drove home his point, refolded the green newspaper, and dismissed his audience.

In the porch the girl gathered up her skirts, and the young man opened an umbrella.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Yes."

Their feet sank into the soft snow on the path. Lazy flakes were still falling, and the girl looked about her with long, critical glances. He guessed her thought.

"You like it—the idea?" he asked awkwardly.

"Yes, oh, yes!" Her eyes were softly eager. "Earth waiting for spring, and afraid of not being beautiful enough, and so—thinking of this." She waved her arm to include the whole enchanting whiteness. "Yes, it's a lovely idea."

He was modestly silent.

"I wish he'd read it all," she said regretfully.

"Really?"

"Of course!" There was a pause. "Won't you," she suggested, "tell me the rest?"

He hesitated, and she glanced at him questioningly.

"It's so difficult, isn't it?" he answered in a tone of apology.

"I mean, when—when they're one's own. You feel that about yours, too, don't you?"

She admitted it with reluctance. "Well, then, only the last verse," she substituted.

He shook his head.

"Oh, but please! Well, the last line, then! You can't mind just one line?"

He walked faster, and the umbrella swayed.

"I'll send it you to-morrow," he said. "I'll write it out and send it you."

With a swift gesture she pushed aside the umbrella. He could not meet her eyes.

"You didn't write it," she said gravely.

He gave a gasp, and stood still. "What do you—mean?" he asked, with an attempt at dignity.

"Don't!" she cried. "Tell me how you dared."

"I—it was a sudden impulse," he confessed dejectedly, "when I saw how much you liked it. And besides, at first I really did think it was going to be mine. I did send some verses to the *Whitehall* called 'Snow in March'—"

The girl gave a little stinging laugh. "So," she said, "did, I. So, no doubt, did everyone who can rhyme 'snow' with 'blow' and 'grow'; it was inevitable when we all woke up on Tuesday."

He heard only her first three words.

"You? So that's how you knew—because they're yours?"

She made a disdainful movement of her shoulders.

"Must I tell you the end?" she inquired. "The last two lines are—"

Earth in a rain of tears let fall
Her coronal."

"They're—yours," he repeated in a dazed way.

"Surely that makes no difference," she pointed out coldly.

"They had to be somebody's. Please let us go on."

He walked beside her; she was remote as a star. The wind caught her scarf and blew it in her face.

She tried to fasten it down.

"Shall I hold your muff?" he asked in a dull voice.

She tucked it sharply under her arm. "No, thank you!"

They were at her home. He held the gate open, and she passed through it with lowered head.

"Eileen!" he cried. "I am sorry."

"It was very wrong," she answered soberly.

"If—if I didn't care so much to please you—"

She raised her head, but not her eyes. "Well?"

"I—don't you see?—it would have been no temptation."

Her lips quivered to softness. "Yes, I see that," she allowed.

"Eileen, I care so desperately. Do you think—" She made a movement as though for flight, and he interrupted himself hurriedly. "Of course," he urged, "I'm not trying to belittle it. It was abominable of me. I didn't write that 'Snow in March,' and—"

She looked up, laying her muff on the snow-laden bar of the gate. It rolled off, and something fell out of it. The girl gave a wavering laugh as their eyes rested on a pale-green newspaper.

"Nor," she said, "did I."

THE END.

THE "OUI" AND THE "NONS": VOTING METHODS FOR DEPUTIES.

INGENIOUS FRENCH DEVICES FOR RECORDING VOTES—SHALL WE EVER SEE THE LIKE IN ENGLAND?



1. THE NAMED-PLAQUE SYSTEM: THE URN USED BY THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY IN 1849.
 2. FOR USE AFTER THE DEPUTIES HAVE VOTED: THE SEAL OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.
 3. VOTING AGAINST: THE URN PROPOSED BY M. CARNOT BEFORE HE BECAME PRESIDENT.
 4. FOR USE WITH THE URN DESIGNED BY M. CARNOT: METAL DISCS BEARING THE NAMES OF A DEPUTY: ON THE LEFT, THE DISC FOR "FOR"; ON THE RIGHT, THE DISC FOR "AGAINST."

5. FOR USE WITH THE CARNOT URN: SCALES FOR WEIGHING THE DISCS, AND MARKING THEIR NUMBER.
 6. THE URNS THAT ARE ACTUALLY IN USE: ON THE LEFT, THE URN IN WHICH THE VOTES OF THOSE ON THE TRIBUNE ARE PLACED; ON THE RIGHT, THE URN FOR THE VOTES OF DEPUTIES SEATED IN THEIR PLACES.

Nowadays, the French Deputies vote by placing cardboard tickets into ordinary urns. The system has its drawbacks, but many believe that it cannot be bettered. Other methods were favoured in 1849, when the Legislative Assembly adopted a mechanical process of recording votes. Each Deputy had two plaques bearing his name—one blue, the other white; blue stood for "for," white for "against." The urns designed to receive these plaques were so constructed that the plaques would not go into the wrong hole. The apparatus cost 27,000 francs. M. Carnot's device provided round discs and rectangular discs, and it was intended that the votes should be weighed instead of being counted. The project was favourably received, but eventually fell through.

IN THE AITCH-AITCH-AS-QUITH ISLANDS.



A PARADISE FOR PREMIERS-(L.): FREE FOOD ARRIVING IN THE ISLANDS.

DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

The County Under Water.

Friends write from London to tell of bad weather, dirty streets, and general discomfort, but I am inclined to think they have no monopoly of discomfort, in spite of their protests. Since Christmas, the general conditions in the country-side have been as unpleasant as they can well be: Nature seems determined to put all England under water. Walking is no longer a pleasant exercise, for you are limited to a few high-roads that are comparatively dry, and to turn to the right or to the left is to wade through mud. Motoring has its distinct limitations in flood-time; during the past fortnight I have seen two motors caught by the water, and have waited to see them drawn into safety by cart-horses. When a man is taking his car over a familiar road and finds the water is out over a few yards of it, he trusts too often to luck and full speed ahead. Perhaps the water is not very deep, but roads just now are very soft, and the weight of a heavy car brings it at once to a standstill, and leaves the wheels so deep in mud that cart-horses and ropes from the nearest farm are the only remedy. Since the advent of the motor-car people have been waking up to the fact that our country roads, with few exceptions, are often badly neglected by the authorities. It does not matter very much when you are driving. Your horse receives proper attention, and, if you are wise, you keep iron-rimmed wheels for winter service, and rubber tyres for the summer roads. But you can't case motor-tyres in metal just yet, and on this account many a car is in garage, and will remain there until March winds dry the roads. This is bad for trade.

The Hunting Season.

Those who hunt in the grass counties will have few complaints to make about the hunting season. Grass is nearly always good going, and where the hunt pays its way, meets legitimate claims promptly, and does not comment upon the fact that Brother Fox always takes prize birds of special value, and that the residue of the poultry-yard is by no means up to the standard of what was stolen, there is little barbed wire to trouble the field, and cases of vulpicide are rare. In the stiff clay country over the three-horse plough-land, hunting-men have had a bad time. The wet weather that set in with harvest, and has continued with little intermission down to this hour, has made the going slow and bad. Nor is this all. A stiff, wet clay will not carry scent well; the best huntsman and the keenest pack cannot follow the fox properly over such country, and consequently good runs have been few and far between, and the fox has beaten the hounds time out of mind. Where you have

more arable than pasture the season is at best a comparatively short one. In the shires you can hunt a dog-fox, even when the vixens are left alone, long after the pack that works heavy arable country has registered its last run. Farmers will not tolerate the presence of the hunt after the barley and early spring oats have been sown, and a forward spring season following a bad winter, whether it has been sloppy or frosty, makes for poor sport. There is an added disadvantage in such a season. Too many foxes survive it. If the farmer has had a bad year, or does not hunt, he becomes a little intolerant of the presence of foxes. He may not be able to keep his poultry in first-class houses, and the compensation committee of the hunt may look askance at his bill. Then the farmer is heard to declare that hunting is the ruin of agriculture, and the foxes suffer



THE OX AND THE HORSE HARNESSSED TOGETHER.

The fine Jersey bull shown in the photograph is a four-year-old, and has been broken to harness. It is guided by reins attached to a nose-ring, and works alone or in company with a horse.

The Disappearance of Foxes.

It would be idle to deny that Reynard has another potential enemy in the game-preserver who does not hunt. He may shrink from vulpicide, and may count many hunting-men among his friends, but he insists upon a few heavy bags; and his head-keeper knows well enough that if birds are not plentiful his job will not be worth many years' purchase. He knows the whereabouts of every fox-earth; he knows where and when he may look for each litter of cubs, and how they may be disposed of. He does not talk—your good gamekeeper knows better than most men that silence is golden; but when the M.F.H. and his friends are “summering” the country they will find that the splendid supply of foxes on which they reckoned has disappeared mysteriously. And, to all outward seeming, nobody is more surprised than the head-keeper if the shortage is discussed in his hearing. Unfortunately, there are plenty of temptations in his path. It is not difficult to find a profitable market for a litter of cubs: there is always some part of the country in which there is a shortage that the less scrupulous hunting-man is keen to rectify, though it is generally admitted that foxes from the shires will not thrive in heavy arable country, and that the fox from the hills is not much good on flat land. Some who are no mean judges go so far as to say that where a fox



THE YOUNGEST MASTER IN THE KINGDOM: THE MARQUESS OF WORCESTER, SON OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT, AT THE FIRST MEET OF HIS HARRIERS, AT BADMINTON.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

is taken from his proper surroundings he tends to develop mange, though this is perhaps an extreme version of the truth. But the fact remains that in every part of England the foxes must be kept within reasonable limits, and that on the stiff clay lands and bad scenting country they have escaped too lightly during the season that will soon be drawing to a close.

MARK OVER.



By HENRY LEACH.

Mixed Foursomes. Many mixed foursome competitions were held, chiefly on courses to which visitors most resorted. Good. Now, when men are taking their golf very seriously indeed—as they do nearly always—they are not at all keen on mixed foursomes; they do not seem to consider them to be sufficiently strenuous. Really, at such times they are inclined to look sideways on women's golf altogether. But, on the other hand, as a holiday diversion, when the sociabilities have to be well considered, and everybody wants to be happy rather than thoughtful, the mixed foursome is excellent. It rises to its best heights on some of the Riviera courses, where the game is now getting into full swing for the season. There the golf of the ladies is a more considerable thing than it is at home—in its proportion to the whole, that is. The ladies conduct it on the grand scale. Two or three seasons back an English lady, just arrived at one of the places, went along to golf headquarters, and was there invited to play by a foreign lady of title who was looking for a match. It was arranged accordingly. On the first tee the foreign lady said sweetly that she always played for a sovereign a hole, and—well, perhaps, Mrs. Charmant would—eh? Now the English lady knew that in the golfing sense she was very stale, that she was off her drive, and had no notion of how to pitch or putt. But she was brave, very, and she set her lips and answered quite airily—“Oh, certainly,” though she had never played for more than sixpence in her life before. I wish I could tell you that she won that match, but she lost it, and several sovereigns too. That has nothing to do with the mixed foursome, except that it indicates that it may be made into a very serious business in the South of France in the winter season.

Ladies' Progress. There can be no doubt that ladies' golf is coming on enormously in Britain at the present time. Last year it had its greatest year in every respect, and particularly in the quality of the play. Some of the ladies showed remarkable skill, and these evidences did much to break down the stubbornness of the men who have been holding—as many still hold—that golf is no game for ladies. It is making converts quickly. He who is regarded as one of the mightiest counsellors of the game, Mr. John Low, takes the liveliest interest in it, and has refereed in important matches; and Mr. Ryder Richardson, the secretary to the amateur championship committee, helps in administrative matters when called upon. On the other hand, there was a great demonstration against “Golf for Women” at Wimbledon last summer. The Royal Wimbledon Club had enjoyed more than forty years of single blessedness when there was a conspiracy set afoot to have ladies admitted to more privileges than were accorded to them. It was a horribly wet day when the proposal had to be voted upon, but the assiduous males concentrated upon

Wimbledon from north, south, east, and west, and the conspirators were overthrown. Even little things like this help one to realise—if it were necessary—that a real and general mixing of the sexes at this game, as they are mixed at lawn-tennis, will hardly happen in our time, and there will never be a mixed foursomes championship. And I will believe any lady who says, that she does not want it. She is doing very well as she is, and the ladies' golf, which is a thing apart from all others, is indubitably progressing. I have heard men say, a little sadly, that they wish they had all the advantages for golf that ladies—or most of them—have, meaning that those ladies did not smoke, nor drink to any extent, that they went to bed early, and had nothing to upset their game. Certain it is that they have marvellously keen eyes and steady hands when golfing; you see that on the putting-greens. It is disturbing to brave men to see them ramming down the ten-yards putts in the way that they do. A hint for lady players—it may not have occurred to them, but I feel sure that the new “Dreadnought” type of driver should suit them immensely. Let them not be afraid of the look of the thing; the size of the head, the springy shaft, and the swing that the “Dreadnought” wants should give them length.

A New Idea. A man has been telling me of a new way that he and others invented for playing mixed foursomes somewhere out in the wilds of Wales, which, he says, was a great success. They were not taking the thing very seriously, but it turned out well. There was a blonde and a brunette, and a dark man and a fair one. Not knowing how to pair up otherwise, it seemed natural that the black man should take the white girl, and the black girl the white man. Then the great strong men would sit down near the putting-green and invite the ladies to drive, which they did. The white girl made a wonderful shot, which somehow got the ball into some thick gorse on her immediate left; the black girl drove a beauty of fully thirty yards. The men, who had fallen to talking of the Budget and the House of Lords, called out that they might play again;

and so they did. The white girl struggled on and on in the gorse, and the black girl worked her ball steadily towards the green, stroke by stroke. The conversation near the putting-green had reached the subject of Germany before the wails from the gorse ceased, and then two balls came flopping up, and the brave men knocked the ashes out of their pipes and determined to set about business. Inquiries showed that, if both sides had not previously lost the hole, the black girl and the white man had fourteen for it, and, five being sufficient for the skilful male, he won the hole easily for himself and his partner, doing all the approaching and putting. After all, this sort of thing is to be condemned. What we realise, despite all nonsense, is that the ladies will have a great season in 1910.



FAMOUS IN THE WORLD OF GOLF: MR. JEROME D. TRAVERS.

Until quite recently Mr. Jerome D. Travers was the greatest hope of American golf. He showed remarkable form as a boy, won the American Amateur Championship in 1907 when only twenty years of age, and again the following year. Then he set his mind on emulating the great feat of Mr. W. J. Travis in coming over here and winning the greatest amateur championship of all. He came last season, and at Muirfield failed. He was not like himself, and was beaten in the first round. He is wonderfully accurate with his irons, but for a player of the first class has a very limited range of shots with them.

DRAWN BY KEMBLE.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

The Death-Toll of Aviation.

It is surely quite as shocking and as lamentable that brave men should meet their deaths in aviatory displays and competitions as in motor-races. They are alike sacrificed to the cause in which they labour, and should be equally regretted. But I fail to notice the same kind



A DEVICE ON WHICH YOU CAN BE TAUGHT TO DRIVE A SANTOS-DUMONT "DEMOISELLE."

On this apparatus, which was invented for the purpose by M. Clément-Bayard, beginners can be taught how to handle a "Demoiselle," the small aeroplane designed by M. Santos-Dumont.

Photograph by Topical.

of public horror expressed with regard to fatal flying accidents as was the case with the deplorable occurrences which accompanied certain of the earlier motor competitions. The death of a motor-car driver in a big race provoked columns of hysterical condemnation in the Press of the world, and led Governments to prohibit motor events at the last moment. To-day I miss the clamour in the Press when an unfortunate aeroplane expert meets his end, nor do Governments forthwith prohibit any further aviation meetings. Why was there so much sympathy-cum-indignation in the matter of motoring, and apparently such apathy in connection with flying? Surely, it is just as shocking and repellent that a man should be killed from the seat of an aeroplane as from behind the wheel of a racing motor-car. 'Tis a strange world, my masters!

September a Fatal Flying Month.

But, this incongruity of sentiment apart, all must regret the sad toll that aviation is taking of its earliest exponents. Poor Delagrangé makes the fifth victim to man's increasingly successful attempts to dominate the air and rival the feathered creation. Lieutenant Selfridge heads the tale on Sept. 17, 1908, when accompanying Mr. Orville Wright at Fort Myer, near Washington. Captain Ferber came next on Sept. 22, 1909 (September would appear to have some fatality for aviators), a Voisin aeroplane being concerned. He was followed by M. Lefebvre on Sept. 26, 1909, both his accident and Lieutenant Selfridge's being from Wright biplanes; then Señor Fernandez on Dec. 6, 1909; and, lastly, the intrepid Delagrangé, who sacrificed himself to keep faith with the public. The youthful veteran—I use the word in an aviatory sense—Santos-Dumont, came very near making the sixth almost at the same time. It is suggested that both the last-named accidents may have been due to the enormous over-engining of the planes used. Impulsion by engines of 40 to 50 h.p. against gales of wind is more than such stick-string-and-rag compositions as aeroplanes can stand.

Peter Union Tyres.

Tyres which deserve the closest consideration when a car purchaser or owner is considering this important question for the driving of 1910 are those which are now put upon the market by the Peter Union Tyre Company, of 190-2, Great Portland Street, W. The P.U. tyres are made of the very best selected material, in ordinary, flat-reinforced, three-

ribbed, and leather non-skid treads, and have achieved a great reputation on the Continent. They are the production of one of the largest and best-equipped rubber manufacturing factories in Europe, and combine the maximum of resilience with great wearing qualities. For the skidsome driving which is likely to obtain during the next three months I should recommend P.U. leather non-skids on the back and P.U. three-ribbed covers on the front wheels. These would make the most gyratorily inclined car steady, even on the Gloucestershire oolite.

No Motor-Cycles at Olympia.

Apparently, motor-cyclists and the motor-cycle manufacturers are not to enjoy the privilege of an exhibition this year at Olympia, where it was thought a show of these highly ingenious, interesting, and wonderfully efficient road machines might, in company with their humbler brethren the pedal-cycles, precede the car function at Olympia in November next. On the part of all concerned this is much to be regretted, for the links between the three pastimes and the three industries are very close indeed. Your youthful pedal-cyclist of to-day becomes your motor-cyclist of to-morrow, and, given some success in life, the passage from a motor-cycle to a motor-car is but a step. Moreover, the holding of an exhibition of motor-cycles and cycles at Olympia would assuredly have led to a large increase in the adherents of both sports, recruited from the ranks of those who will not attend exhibitions held elsewhere. The short-sighted policy of the section of the motor-trade who succeeded in negating the proposal is greatly to be regretted in their own interests, for thereby they have robbed themselves of what most assuredly would have proved a remunerative recruiting-ground for their particular clientèle.

The Michelin Cup. In view of the fact that improvements in aeroplane engines must reflect themselves, more or less, in the design of motors intended for the propulsion of motor-cars, those great tyre-makers Messrs. Michelin and Co. have been lavish in the money and *objets d'art* prizes they have offered for flying records. That magnificent trophy, the Michelin Cup, offered for the record distance flown in any one year in France, was taken by the Anglo-Frenchman Farman, who on Nov. 30, at Mourmelon, flew no less than 137 miles in 4 hours 6 min.

The Vauxhall and Star Again. That the Englishman never knows when he is beaten, or, at least, believes that though defeated once, he may win next time if he only tries hard enough, is obviously the spirit which

KILLED ON THE AVIATOR'S BLACK TUESDAY: M. LEON DELAGRANGE.

On the day on which Léon Delagrangé was killed, Santos-Dumont had a very narrow escape, falling from a height of from 150 to 200 feet, and Mme. Delaroche, the most famous lady aviator, had a bad spill.

Photo. by Sports Co.



A REMARKABLE NEW AEROPLANE: THE PAUL A. G. KAUFFMANN NO. 1.

The Kauffmann monoplane, which is fitted with an Anzani motor, is 19 ft. 6 in. long, and the same width. It weighs 440 lb., or nearly 4 cwt.—[Photograph by Rol.]

imbues the Star Motor Company, of Wolverhampton. In referring to the very interesting series of races which took place on Dec. 21 last between the Star and Vauxhall cars, I expressed a hope that we might see these two doughty champions at it again. That this hope will be fulfilled appears probable from the published desire of the Star Company to meet the Vauxhall again, although they say, in a very sporting spirit, that they know they are aspiring to big things.

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

'Chasing.

It is a thousand pities that owners do not go in more for moderate steeplechasers—I mean horses that could often run for £100 plates or selling-races. True, we saw recently, in the case of Jack, at Newbury, what it would cost to win money with a good 'chaser in a selling steeplechase. It was said at the time that the commission of the stable amounted

to more than £1000, and as the greater part of the sum was invested at odds on, there was very little return for the money, especially seeing that it cost nearly £400 to buy the horse in. All the same, I think our selling steeplechasers ought to be better supported than they are, and those owners who spend all their energy and their money in trying to win the Grand National might do worse than fly at smaller game. The cross-country blue ribbon will this year be a very fine race, and it is already whispered that Mr. Assheton Smith intends to enter Cackler, Jerry M., and Holy War, while Shady Girl, also trained by Gore, is certain to be nominated. I am very glad to learn that Flaxman may carry the colours of the King in the race. This horse has been under suspicion, but Mr. Lushington has got him fairly straight once more, and if he runs with a moderate weight, he is very likely to be up with

his walking-stick between the best jockey and the best stable-lad of his time. Such riders as Sloan, Reiff, the Woottons and D. Maher have proved to us that the old master of Kingsclere was not quite right in his surmise. Yet how often do we find the crack jockeys on hot favourites beaten by little-known boys on rank outsiders? It may be well to bear in mind that only five per cent. of the big handicaps of last year were won by favourites, while the majority of the outsiders that won were ridden by jockeys that do not come under the "fashionable" category.

Touts.

This is the busiest time of the year for the horse-watchers on the training-grounds. The men of observation have to make themselves acquainted with the two-year-olds, and that takes some doing at a place like Newmarket. Again, they have to study the entries week by week, and see where the horses they tout are engaged; and when the animals are put into strong work they never leave them until they have either lost or won. The men do their work most successfully at the big training-centres, and it is difficult to catch them napping; but in the case of some of the country training-grounds the touting is most unreliable, and it is even said that some of the training reports are actually sub-edited by the trainers themselves. For all evening papers,

one of the most annoying places to deal with is Epsom. I do not mean in the touting of work, but in the matter of departures. It is possible for Epsom-trained horses to leave by train from four different stations, while they could walk over to many of the local meetings—namely, Sandown Park, Hurst Park, Lingfield, and Gatwick. If the animals, once having left home, reached the course it would be all right, but occasionally a playful trainer pretends to start a horse from home ostensibly for the course, and the animal is brought back after having gone a couple of miles on the road. A Newmarket trainer long since dead used to send some horses down to the station and take them home again. This was in the days when the touts

sent off the departures before the train started. They do not do this now. What was worse, too, at that time the Manchester bookmakers laid prices right out against animals on the morning of each race-day!

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



MR. ARTHUR TEMPLEMAN, THE WELL-KNOWN JOCKEY, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS ALMA LINDSEY TOOK PLACE ON MONDAY LAST. Naturally enough, Mr. Templeman received the hearty congratulations of many people famous in the sporting world.

Photograph by Clarence Hatley.

the best of them at the finish. A. Anthony knows his way over the course, as he was successful on the King's horse, Ambush II.; while he fell on the same animal later at the last fence, when many said that if Ambush II. had only fallen over the fence he must have won even then.

Jockeys' Fees.

Several of the leading owners have decided no longer to pay retaining fees to jockeys, and they are quite right. It is very nice to be certain of the services of a good jockey when you own good horses, but the case is altered when there is not a single horse in your stable capable of winning a big race. How often of late years have we seen the best jockeys do little or nothing for those providing them with retaining fees, while they carry all before them on horses trained outside the stables they were retained for! Of course, we may be told that this was not the jockeys' fault. All the same, the loss to their master was all the greater in his having to find their retaining fees. The old theory that jockeys improve horses by riding them in their work is about played out altogether. It is useful to have the services of the best horsemen obtainable in trials. John Porter once told a friend of mine that there was not the difference of the length of



MRS. ARTHUR TEMPLEMAN (FORMERLY MISS ALMA LINDSEY), WHOSE MARRIAGE TO THE WELL-KNOWN JOCKEY TOOK PLACE ON MONDAY LAST.

Mrs. Templeman, whose marriage took place at the Church of the Assumption, Warwick Street, is most popular. She received her education abroad.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



TAKING A HIGH BANK IN PERFECT FORM: A LADY RACING ON THE VILLAGE RUN, ST. MORITZ.

Photograph by G. R. Ballance.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The People who Never Laugh.

An Englishman, not unknown to *The Sketch*, has returned from a long sojourn in Paris and rediscovered London. It seems we have changed amazingly in the ten years he has been away. We drink no wine; we frequent theatres and "electric palaces" in the daytime; we converse amicably with total strangers, like any American;

and, finally, it is against our modern code of etiquette to laugh—especially at the play. It may be urged that the modern drama does not tend to make us hilarious; but, whatever the reason, you have only to look down at the stalls from a box to see that we have become a somewhat pensive and unsmiling people. The smiles, indeed, are reserved for the stage, where it is a feminine point of honour to exhibit two rows of glistening teeth from eight o'clock to eleven. The intensity of these amenities does not, however, elicit any return



A TOQUE OF JET TRIMMED WITH PASSEMENTERIE
AND TWO SHORT QUILLS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the
"Woman-About-Town" page.)

from the audience. But, as a matter of fact, where do you ever hear a sober citizen laugh out heartily? Not at dinner-parties; certainly not at teas. The lifts of the Twopenny Tubes are cages of silent and mournful captives, bowed down with the weight of an intolerable *Weltschmerz*. Do even the youngsters laugh at dances, or shriek for joy what time the ball is winging its way over a distant bunker? No. The Londoner who knows how to laugh—and dares to do it—is far to seek. And when he does give way to explosions of mirth, he is looked upon askance by his contemporaries as slightly unbalanced.

Triumphant Blue Stockings.

There is, it seems, a parlous state of things in the literary world of France, for now that everyone has discovered how to write, the famous novelists are hard put to it to find a public. The fine ladies, the intelligent *bourgeoises*, and even the schoolgirls who used to devour romances, are now busily engaged in writing novels on their own account. Never was so much clean paper blackened since pens and ink first came into vogue. The output is portentous, amazing, nor does it show any signs of diminishing in quantity. A very Niagara of printed books flows ceaselessly forth from the printing-presses of Paris. The evil of this is, as M. André Beaunier reminds us, that, although no one buys or reads the works of these "gifted amateurs," the half-dozen big authors are gradually losing their readers, because these industrious Blue-stockings formed three-quarters of their clientèle. It is a well-known psychological fact that no author willingly reads another author, so that MM. Anatole France and Pierre Loti, M. Maurice Barrès and Mme. Marcelle Tinayre will have to seek an audience among chauffeurs and aviators, among dandies and policemen, seeing that the rest of France is occupied in a frantic bid for literary fame.

Taxing a Tyranny.

I see no adequate reason why the milliner should not be taxed like the alehouse, for with the increasing strain and turmoil of modern life, most women are beginning to find the constant changes of fashion little short of an odious tyranny. To spend tedious days in a dressmaker's fitting-room, a block for the pins and fantasies of a

fashionable milliner, is a *corvée* which the modern woman—with her hundred-and-one interests and occupations—finds hard to endure; yet go through with it she must under present conditions, unless she is content to be relegated to the ranks of the Frumps. It is the ever-changing mode which is the cause of this untoward state of things. "Fashion," said a great nineteenth-century wit, "is such an ugly thing that we have to change it every six months." Nowadays it is worse; there are mysterious and anonymous individuals in Paris and London exclusively occupied in encompassing our discomfiture every two or three weeks. Thus the cherished garment of October becomes an object of scorn and contumely before the New Year's bells have done ringing, and the hat which was the topmost shout of fashion must be banished, by the fall of the last leaf, to that mysterious limbo from which no head-gear was ever known to return. If we would have surcease, then, from this pestiferous tyranny we must tax, with severity, the wilful changers of fashion. It should even be a statutory offence wantonly to bring in new modes more than once a year.

The Countess and the Kitchen-Maid.

It is the amazing cheapness of wearing apparel in England which is at the bottom of our national extravagance in dress—an extravagance which permeates every class, but more especially the middle and the lower. For, in proportion to her income, a Countess will often spend far less on her wardrobe than her own kitchen-maid. While, often enough, the mistress will knit the socks and mufflers of the household, and have her gowns cut and sewn by her maid, the servant buys everything ready-made, and of so rubbishy a material that her gowns, shoes, and what-not must be renewed in six months' time. "One-and-elevenpence-three-farthings" is indeed the Writing on the Wall of our trumpery Brummagem civilisation, and if all the cheap drapers were erased from the streets we should be a better-dressed and more prudent and a more saving people. For competition in dress is like competition in *Dreadnoughts*; there seems no limit to the frenzied outlay when once rivalry sets in. If limitation in armaments is possible, why not a like sensible procedure in personal extravagance, to the saving of our time, our nervous energy, and our banking accounts?



AN EVENING FROCK IN PALE-BLUE SATIN
TRIMMED WITH SILVER AND JET EMBROIDERIES.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the
"Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Rush to the Riviera.

Not nearly so many people as usual have gone South, because of the elections. Most people are interested in them one way or another, while the actual candidates and their families are working double tides. The Riviera is not, however, to be neglected. Many fair ladies and fine men purpose going there later. March is seldom a nice month here, and it is almost invariably one of the best there. Some folk are going directly the election is over. Already I have seen some charming costumes prepared for the Sunny South, and the Parisian costumiers are very busy. Our craze for black is at an end, and many of the smart Riviera frocks are of white and of the most delicate shades of lavender, fawn, and grey velveteen. The fabric is, as a rule, corded or frappé, and the trimming of braid, or of coarse lace and fur. I believe that the daring contrast of black fox on white and delicate-toned velvets and velveteens will be considered very smart. Cashmere of the softest will be a favourite fabric, and, for the present, attenuated figures remain the idol of the smart costumier.

How to be Happy though Slim.

"Il faut souffrir pour être belle" is a saying as much out of date as "Beauty unadorned, adorned the most." If one has not a sartorial virtue, there are skilled people who enable one most successfully to assume it. If a slim figure is desired, and comfort therewith, the London Corset Company, 28, New Bond Street, will supply it. The annual winter sale of the company being at present in progress, opportunity offers of putting this to the test at once. They are selling their fawn, black, or white coutille corsets, that are usually 25s., for 22s. 6d.—a reduction quite worth having, considering the excellence of the things, for the wear of all corsets is guaranteed. The perfection of their cut and fit is generally understood. Then the fine corsets usually sold at £2 12s. 6d. are now selling for 47s. 3d. These are really models of figures, into which the flesh is educated, and with such happy result that the wearer not only rejoices in her improved appearance, but luxuriates in a comfortable support and an easy fit. In every one of their varied corsets, which are always kept well up to date in the last fashion of the moment, a substantial reduction is made during the sale. In addition to corsets, the Company is selling some wonderful dresses in a thick and handsome cashmere-like cloth, or in serge, trimmed with satin in prettily contrasting colour, and with lace chemisettes, at 40s. 6d.; these were considered excellent value at 45s. There is a deep flounce, above which are tabs of the cloth buttoning up over a silk scarf of a contrasting colour. A scarf is similarly buttoned down with tabs round a tucked silk yoke, and the sleeves are finished with cuffs in the same way. Others, very stylish and charming, trimmed with satin-covered buttons and simulated buttonholes, are 74s. 6d. There are, besides, wonderful bargains in models of evening dresses, which are beautifully embroidered and of lovely material and up-to-date style. These are quite suited for the present dance season.

Gracefully Draped.

Given the foundation of a tall, well-corseted and well-carried figure, no style of dress is more effective and imposing than the gracefully draped evening frocks which are now in the van of fashion. On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of one in softest and palest blue satin, trimmed with silver and jet

embroideries and fringes. It is very classical and still very *chic*, one of the many anachronisms in dress that give it the necessary last decree of fashion's hall-mark. On the same page a toque is illustrated, made of jet and trimmed with *passemeterie* and two short quills. It is, despite the quantity of jet, quite light.

Whitby to the Front.

there is none so

There is a great demand for real Whitby jet. After years of neglect the industry is once more revived. Jet is very fashionable, and light and bright and effective as real Whitby. Tiaras of fine jet are worn by ladies in mourning. So effective is it with fair and with white hair that many women who are not in mourning wear jet hair-ornaments. Jet necklets and neckbands of jet with diamond clasps and slides are, I am told, among the things we shall see much worn. Certainly jet shows up a satiny-white skin perfectly. The worst enemy the fashion of wearing jet had was cheap imitation. Now, however, the taste of the lower orders of girls is so much for colour that jet will not appeal to them. Possibly the worst enemy that the production of real Whitby jet has now is that so few of the fisher-folk now practise the art of polishing it. Like so many of the industries of England, it was smothered by foreign cheap imitations. Now it begins to smoulder again, we may hope it will go briskly. Americans are ready customers for real Whitby jet.

Sale Customers' Customs.

Observing the ways of women at the sales, I am inclined to the same views about them as those succinctly expressed by Mr. Midshipman Easy on the subject of natives of islands where there are neither clothes nor after-season sales. The lady who promptly lays down what she is looking at to take a violent interest in her neighbour's bargain, and finally to secure it for herself, only to come back later to have it exchanged for the original object of her affections, is one *bête noire* of the assistants. Another—the woman who goes round audibly belittling everything, and saying how much better and cheaper it is somewhere else—should be classed in the "manners none, customs disgusting" category. The woman who loses her purse and all but accuses everyone within earshot of having taken it, and glares at the unfortunate individual who mildly suggests that the missing article is lying at its proprietor's feet, as if she had put it there; the woman who turns abusive when told that the particular bargain she is looking for is sold out; the woman who hustles her fellow bargain-hunters, and the woman who browbeats the harassed saleswomen, are all well known at this time and as well disliked. Why these people appear proud of a display of bad manners it is difficult to conceive.

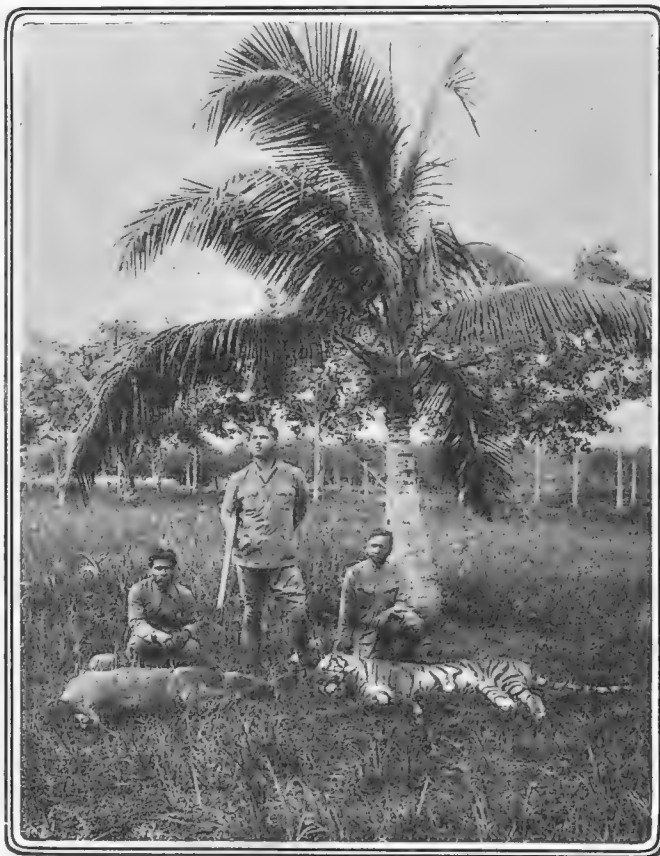
For five winters out of the last seven, as Lord Burnham counts, he has been favoured by the presence of the King at Hall Barn; and 1910 further improves the percentage. Lord Burnham is the cheeriest of hosts, an optimist who prefers his own house and his own newspaper to anybody else's. Hall Barn is to him a Paradise Gained, especially when the King is shooting over his coverts. There it was, nevertheless, that Milton wrote a portion of "Paradise Lost"!

Winter—real snowy winter—has not yet arrived, so the climatic rigours promised us by the weather prophets must be still in store—a fur-store, for choice! It is therefore well to see that we have garments to withstand the coming cold, and this will lend particular interest to the annual stocktaking sale of furs, during the present month, at the well-known shop of Mr. Martin Kosminski, of 50, Berners Street, Oxford Street, W. There is a large variety, and some exceptional bargains are announced.



A POPULAR CHARACTER AT THE MANSION HOUSE CHILDREN'S FANCY-DRESS BALL: MISS M. EMMETT AS A FAIRY.

Photograph by Lafayette.



A ROYAL SPORTSMAN: THE SULTAN OF JOHORE WITH A RECENT BAG.

His Highness the Sultan of Johore, a State at the southern end of the Malay Peninsula, is a great sportsman. He is here seen with a tiger and a wild boar which he shot a few weeks ago. He has presented some valuable zoological specimens to the Raffles Museum at Singapore, including a fine Malayan elephant recently shot near his capital.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 25.

SOUTH AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

STILL under a fairly heavy cloud of depression, the South American Railway Market nevertheless attracts the attention of the shrewd investor who foresees that, when money becomes really cheap again, demand will rush for sound securities yielding anything between 4½ and 5 per cent. on the money. As an example, Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway First Preference stock may be instanced, the price being 113, and the 5 per cent. dividend cumulative. At this the yield is 4½ per cent., but there is already remarkable scarcity of the stock in the market. Antofagasta 5 per Cent. Cumulative Preference at 105 is another quite good stock, paying 4½ per cent. Leopoldina Railway 5½ per Cent. Preference shares, with a dividend coming along in March, can be picked up at 11½, at which the return is practically 5 per cent. on the investment. Great Western of Brazil Debenture stocks are also good investments, and if such stocks are scarce now, they will be considerably more so—or stand at higher prices—when money gets easier, as it is certain to do before long.

TEA-CUM-RUBBER COMPANIES. III.—THE EASTERN PRODUCE AND ESTATES COMPANY.

The Eastern Produce and Estates Company is one of the largest and most important of the Ceylon Plantation Companies. The schedule of the Company's estates at Dec. 31, 1908 comprised a total of 17,346 acres, including 10,872 acres of tea and 2651 acres of rubber, of which 1350 were interplanted among other products. The issued capital amounts to 14,400 5 per cent. Preference shares of £5 each, and 59,827 Ordinary shares of £5. The dividends paid on the Ordinary shares for recent years have been, for 1904, 4½ per cent.; for 1905, 6 per cent.; for 1906, 7½ per cent.; for 1907, 8½ per cent.; for 1908, interim dividend 3 per cent., final dividend 6 per cent., total 9 per cent., free of tax; on account of 1909, an interim dividend of 4 per cent. was paid in November last. A reserve fund of £50,000 has been built up, and the expenses of rubber-cultivation, etc., have been met out of revenue. So much for the past—I have made an attempt in the table below to estimate what the future profits may be, taking the same figures for sale price of rubber and cost of production as were adopted last week in the case of the Ceylon Tea Plantations Company. There is no reason to suppose that the profits from the production of tea will diminish, while the revenue from rubber should increase rapidly. The crop of rubber in 1908 was 53,369 lb., and was obtained from tapping 30,428 trees, averaging a yield of 1½ lb. per tree; at the end of 1908 there were 358,000 trees planted on the estates, of which 190,000 were three years old and upwards. It will be seen that the 1908 crop was obtained from only about 9 per cent. of the trees planted. The official estimates for the yields of rubber in 1909 and 1910 were 66,000 lb. and 97,000 lb. respectively, and I have reason to believe that the former estimate has been considerably exceeded. The profits for 1909 should show a substantial improvement on those for 1908; indeed, this is foreshadowed by the increased interim distribution. When the annual report is issued in April next it is reasonable to expect a final dividend of at least 8 per cent., which will raise the total dividend for the past year to 12 per cent. From 1911 onwards the yield of rubber should increase rapidly, a very large proportion of the trees in separate clearings having been planted between the years 1904 and 1906. I think that by 1911 or 1912 annual dividends of 20s. per share may reasonably be looked for, even after allowing for a heavy fall in the sale price of the raw article. The Ordinary shares are now quoted at £10. Shareholders would be well advised to impress upon the directors the desirability of dividing the shares into five shares of £1 each. Such a change would be to the benefit of the whole body of shareholders, and greatly improve the market for the shares, which at present are very difficult to obtain.



MR. REGINALD GEARD.
Photograph by E. H. Mills.

the scheme of the Canadian Northern Company should succeed, as it is practically certain to do, the price of the Income Bonds will shoot up. If the Canadian Northern wins, the bonds can hardly sink much lower than their current quotation.

India 3½ per cents. being issued at 96½, that there will be scope for talent in buying the scrip at any kind of discount for special settlement.

Apropos of discounts, Brazil Railway Debentures at 4 discount must be considered attractive. We hear they will be raised to par. A good sporting risk.

MORE FISCALITIS.

"Political feeling," writes our House-Haunter, "runs very high indeed in the Stock Exchange, and the walls, notice-boards, and projections are liberally decorated with Unionist literature. A radical change has come since the days when the House was conservatively Whig, and the protection from free trade which the Stock Exchange afforded its own members last year has notoriously given more labour to every section of fooder. A Free Trader solemnly assured me the other day that the Lancashire mills are so busy that they would rather not take any more work! As a corrective, a Protectionist proved to his own complete satisfaction that a tax upon manufactured articles would give more employment by enabling the home worker to get higher prices, but that the consumer would not have to pay a penny more for anything! A jobber, wailing for a real leader who should really lead the Tariff party, spoke of a certain deceased statesman as the essence of scrupulous honour! Another dealer has raised much resentment and about a thousand pounds by appealing indiscriminately to his fellow-members for funds in aid of the Conservative party. A broker lost several good clients by sending them one of the silliest of the silly political cartoons, along with his monthly investment lists. Another—[Back-pedal.—CITY EDITOR.]

A RETIRING CITY EDITOR.

Mr. Reginald Geard, of whom we are able to give a portrait, is the retiring City Editor of the *Morning Leader* and the *Star*. He joined the *Morning Leader* as City Editor and dramatic critic when the paper was founded in May 1892, and was appointed City Editor of the *Star* in October of the same year, so that he not only retained his positions for over seventeen years, but by so doing had become the Financial Editor of the longest standing attached to any London daily paper. Every person connected with financial journalism will regret Mr. Geard's retirement, and will be glad to hear that he will still write on finance in some of the best-known of our weekly contemporaries. Saturday, Jan. 8, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.
Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

T. L. K.—Your letter was fully answered on the 6th. You might consider "Q" notes, published in our issues of Dec. 29 and the 5th inst.

DUNK.—The Zincs are not a bad speculation. We never advise as to pure gambling, such as buying and carrying over mining shares.

T. W.—Probably 2½ or 2¾ per cent., unless you can drive a bargain with the manager and induce him to give 3 per cent. See last week's Notes. If you knew a good firm of brokers they could get you 4 per cent. by lending on the Stock Exchange.

INVESTMENT.—We bought San Paulo Treasury bonds for ourselves this week. Rio Janeiro 5 per Cent. Bonds or Leopoldina Railway Preference would give nearly 5 per cent., and Central Argentine Railway Ordinary should prove a good 5 per cent. investment. There is no reason to be anxious about Imperial Continental Gas. The dividend is the same as for years past, ever since the bonus of 30 per cent. in stock was given to holders in 1906. We do not like the Porto Alegre bonds, and certainly will not recommend them.

J. J.—We do not write private letters except in accordance with Rule 5. Probably "How to Read the Money Article," by Charles Duguid, at 2s. 6d. net, would be the book for you.

PREMIUM.—Write to Nathan Kiezer and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., who will give you the proper market price of the Congo bonds and watch drawings for you.

HUB.—We will send you an answer after making inquiries as to the Companies you mention.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Windsor these may go close: Ebor Hurdle, Nereus; Park Steeplechase, Razorbill; Datchet Steeplechase, Veglo; Castle Steeplechase, Exelite; Englefield Hurdle, Kilroe. At Hurst Park I like these: Maiden Hurdle, Specimen; New Year Hurdle, Nereus; Middlesex Steeplechase, N.B.; January Hurdle, Misere. At Manchester Jock may win the Ellesmere Hurdle and Cyrus the Bury Hurdle. The Cheshire Hurdle may be won by Jock and the Castle Steeplechase by Red Cloud.

| | Estimated Rubber Crop—lb. | Estimated Sale Price, Per lb. | Estimated Cost, Per lb. | Estimated Profit on Rubber only. | Estimated Average Profit from Tea, Cocoa, etc. | Total Profits. | Estimated Dividend on Ordinary Shares. |
|------|---------------------------|-------------------------------|-------------------------|----------------------------------|--|----------------|--|
| | | s. d. | s. d. | £ | £ | £ s. d. | s. d. |
| 1908 | 53,369* | 4 7½* | — | — | — | 39,740 5 6* | 9 0* |
| 1909 | 66,000† | 6 3 | 1 3 | 16,500 | 35,000 | 51,500 0 0 | 12 0 |
| 1910 | 97,000† | 6 3 | 1 3 | 24,250 | 35,000 | 59,250 0 0 | 15 0 |
| 1911 | 160,000 | 5 3 | 1 3 | 32,000 | 35,000 | 67,000 0 0 | 18 0 |
| 1912 | 280,000 | 3 9 | 1 3 | 35,000 | 35,000 | 70,000 0 0 | 20 0 |
| 1913 | 360,000 | 3 3 | 1 3 | 30,000 | 35,000 | 71,000 0 0 | 20 0 |
| 1914 | 500,000 | 2 9 | 1 3 | 37,500 | 35,000 | 72,500 0 0 | 20 0 |
| 1915 | 600,000 | 2 6 | 1 0 | 45,000 | 35,000 | 80,000 0 0 | 22 0 |

* Actual. † Official estimate.

P.S.—The Pataling Company's output of 151,994 lb. of rubber is very satisfactory, and much in advance of the official estimate. The Company should earn at least 200 per cent. in 1910, and the shares are likely to advance gradually to 40s.

OVERHEARD IN THE HOUSE.

Barring panics, that Missouris are to have another run upwards. The old group has them in hand again, and Missouris are to be "put along."

That Hudson's Bays are bound for 120, anyway. The wide circulation of this tip and at this particular figure may indicate need for caution, but there it is.

That Quebec and Lake St. John Income bonds, at 12 per £100 bond, are not so bad for an absolute gamble. If the opposition to

ELECTION STORIES.

'Ware the Forger! The elections have, up to date, lacked nothing of the virility and force characteristic of latter-day contests of the kind, but—it is yet early to rejoice, of course—there has so far been an absence of the forgeries by which some previous contests have been unenviably distinguished. Lord Darnley is still looking for the man who wrote, over his name, to the *Times* declaring that, while wishing to take part in an election for the Rochester Division, he dared not, for Constitutional reasons. Of course, Lord Darnley is an Irish peer, and was at the time actually being mentioned as candidate for the seat. Dean Hole, at the same time, found his blood boiling over a telegram sent in his name slanging the Unionist candidate for the same constituency, as a Protectionist. But Lord Londonderry is the victim of the mystery of mysteries. Half Ireland still regards this fervent Unionist as an unswerving Home Ruler. While he was yet Lord Castlereagh, he wooed and won an Irish constituency. There appeared in the papers an interview in which he plumped for Home Rule. His Lordship was hauled over the coals for it in the House by the Duke of Devonshire, and could not explain. The truth is that some astute Irishman personated the Peer, received a deputation, and swore for Home Rule, all in the name of the unconscious nobleman.

Diogenes and His Press.

The neatest bit of villainy of this sort, however, was practised at the expense of a prominent temperance advocate who was apparently romping home for a Home Counties seat. The electors forgave the rubicund features of the candidate, attributing the hue to dyspepsia, and regarded him as the very flower of teetotalism. Things looked desperate for the other side up to a couple of days before the poll, when there rolled up a cobbler in a gipsy's van, a cobbler who mended your boots while you waited, and made himself affable with electors whom curiosity drew to him. The real purpose of the strange arrival was soon made manifest, however: out from the van, bearing the name of the cobbler and the then locality of his van for address, came a circular which smothered the teetotal candidate. The circular was brief. It merely asked the electors to put it to the temperance candidate, "Is it not the fact that you were on the — convicted, by the Liverpool magistrates, of drunkenness, and fined five shillings and costs?" Only that and nothing more. It served to beat the temperance man, for before the lie could be unsaid, the van and its happy owner had vanished, and neither has been heard of again.

Ready, Ay Ready.

Lady canvassers may not, according to a lady novelist, wear velvets for their campaign; according to another writer, they *must* wear velvets and every other emblem of luxury available. Why, of course, they always have done so! In the hustings days at Nottingham the people on one side appeared in blue silks, every man and every woman of the family; while everyone of the rival family flaunted it in yellow silks, all to please the electors. But silks and velvets will not make all smooth, let the ladies remember. That queen of canvassers, Lady Randolph Churchill, discovered this in Birmingham. She was looking simply bewitching when she tripped into a Birmingham public-house. "Lady Churchill wants to see you," cried the wife of the house to her husband, who was juggling hogsheads in the cellar. "Oh, does she? Well, tell Mrs. Churchill to go to —," came a muffled voice from the cellar. But the charming lady, declining, lived to canvass for Mr. Burdett-Coutts, and to have the matter put to her by a waggish waverer in this manner—"If I could get the same price that was once paid by the Duchess of Devonshire I think I could promise." "Thank you very much, I will let the Baroness Burdett-Coutts know at once," readily replied Winston Churchill's witty mother.

Assets.

Men who dated their election-addresses from the battlefield in 1900 had an enormous advantage over civilian opponents, and Lord Charles Beresford will tell you that his frequent exchanges of the quarterdeck for the hustings have never injured his chances at the latter. There is capital in it. Fred Burnaby knew all about this when he prepared to go out unattached to see the fighting against Osman Digna, in the Eastern Soudan. "I'm putting up for a constituency in the Midlands," he told a friend, "and there is nothing like the adventure of war to talk about to the electors. I'm going to pick up materials to interest them." And he did, and came back and ran the "Arab widows and orphans cursing the name of Gladstone" for all he was worth, modestly keeping in the background mention of the widows and orphans his gallantry in the fighting had made. But the trick is old. Tennyson ought to have gone to the Battle of Navarino, but his father jumped on the project and sent the poet's cousin. The latter, at the battle, like all other non-combatants, was under hatches, and saw absolutely nothing. But at a subsequent election, the reference to him as "the hero who had waved his chivalric sword at the Battle of Navarino" was worth untold gold to him.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Men We Marry."

By LESLIE MORTIMER.
(John Long.)

Authors are plainly not the right people to name their own books, or "The Men We Marry" would never have worn such an ill-fitting title. It ought, of course, to be—and surely Mr. Leslie Mortimer will agree to this, on a moment's calm reflection—it ought to be "The Man We All Married." They all married him; these charming and beautiful women, although they had to play Cox and Box with each other and him to do it; and, incidentally, cup-and-ball (with plenty of misses) with the eternal probabilities. His help was half-hearted: it is true he dyed his hair; but a man who sets out to be several people and has been careless enough to have his initials tattooed on the back of his neck cannot be considered to have entered into the spirit of the thing. He was one of the blackest villains imaginable. He had no redeeming traits, and the deepest depth of his infamy was his dislike of dogs, which is the one absolutely unforgivable crime to a British public. His diabolical behaviour to his wives had some faint shadow of excuse: we can pardon the man who does not suffer fools gladly, and the women who married Oscar Chetwynd, alias Harrison, alias Deerhurst, must have been quite well-developed, healthy specimens of fools. They were fascinated by his beauty, we gather: there could have been little else to fascinate them, for in spite of Mr. Mortimer's statement to the contrary, it is difficult on the evidence to believe that Chetwynd-Harrison-Deerhurst was not a peculiarly offensive, if subtle, type of bounder. He was a bully, a liar, a coward, and a criminal; it is not an attractive mixture. The question arises—are there people of such unrelieved infamy? We have known bullies who had strange, soft streaks; rogues who were gentlemanly; liars who had been caught speaking the truth; cowards who kept their heads on occasion, but an unmitigated scoundrel we have, so far, looked for in vain. This must be due to our obtuseness of vision, for novelists seem to find them on every hedge, so to speak. "The Men We Marry" is a brisk story, but until we meet the living counterpart to Mr. Chetwynd-Harrison-Deerhurst we must decline to consider it an instance of "the proper study of mankind."

"The Great Gay Road."

By TOM GALLON.
(John Long.)

"The Great Gay Road"? Oh, Mr. Tom Gallon! This is another novel—this time by an expert hand—with a title misapplied. There was no gaiety on the road Hilary Tolfrey Kite had mapped out for himself: there never is any gaiety on the road to ruin that goes below the surface; and Kite, long before his history begins here, had come down to the bedrock of misfortune. Alliteration has led Mr. Gallon astray. Apart from this criticism, we can praise his novel unreservedly. It is a study of a scamp who, unlike Mr. Mortimer's villain, is delightfully and plausibly human. The man was born to vagabondage, and, as another beloved vagabond has done, contrived to pick up a faithful follower on his travels. There the resemblance ceases, for Mr. Kite chose his companion from the gutter, or perhaps it would be more exact to say from the criminal classes. Crook Perkins was more sinned against than sinning, perhaps; he was one of the weaklings whom wiser and kinder generations will (one trusts) remove to some quiet, neutral ground where it will be easy to earn a living and still to be good. The description of their night on Hampstead Heath, of their eavesdropping, of the lovers, and the door that was never bolted, is written in the Stevensonian spirit of debonair romance. The door was open, and Mr. Kite and Crook Perkins went in, and there were amazing adventures inside. It would not be fair to hint at what they were; Mr. Gallon tells his story too well for us to attempt to epitomise it. "The Great Gay Road" is light and wholesome and kindly, a book that bids the reader look charitably upon everybody—even the irreclaimable rogue and his satellite, the dishonest fool.

"Garryowen."

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.
(Fisher Unwin.)

Irish people are harsh critics of Irish stories. They pick holes in the brogue; they object to the characters as exaggerated; they quarrel with the nature of the plot, which they like to dismiss as extravagant. (They are the most literal and the least truly humorous race on earth, by the way.) We submitted "Garryowen" then, having revelled whole-heartedly in it ourselves, to an Irish critic with some trepidation. Would he refuse to accept the study of Michael French, the Irish gentleman, and Moriarty, the groom without a conscience, and Effie French, the changeling? He did not; he sat Garryowening into the small hours, and admitted that these things might be, although the racing incidents (he knows nothing of racing) were absurd. This was well; it was very well; it meant that Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole has scored again, as we suspected by our own pleasurable sensations. The successful abduction of Garryowen is, to be sure, an incident that reflects small credit on the sagacity of Mr. Lewis, the money-lender, and his myrmidons; but Mr. Stacpoole has precedent for this. It was not difficult, we remember, for a Venetian gentleman, who owed, as Mr. Michael French did, more than he could pay, to take a rise out of a Jew. If you insist that Lewis was too easily evaded, you must also concede that Shylock was far too guileless, in the wording of bonds and his knowledge of Christian wiles.

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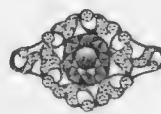
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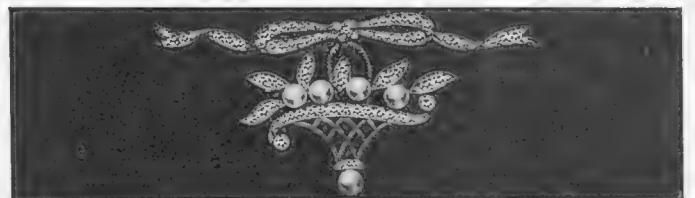
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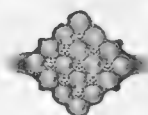
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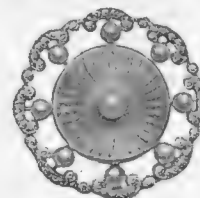
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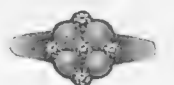
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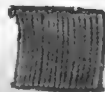
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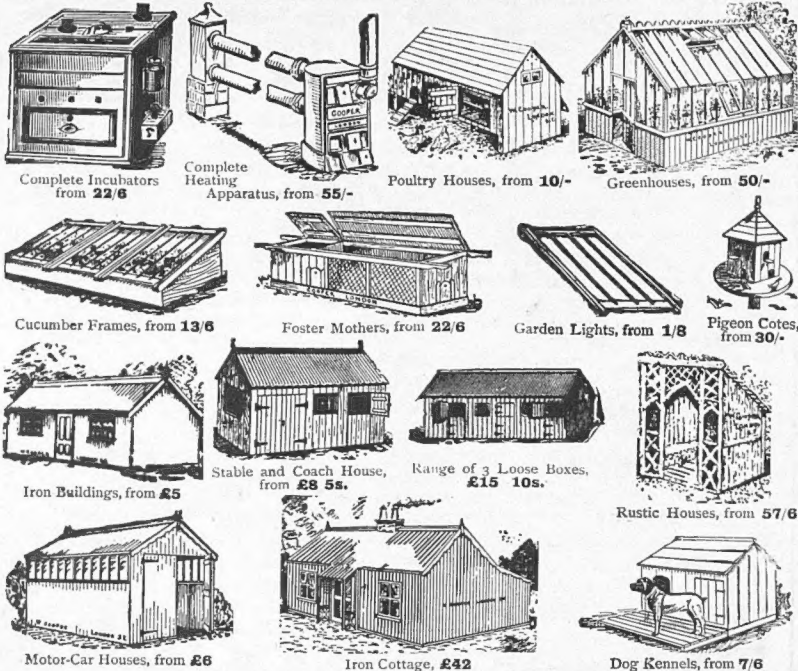
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BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

WHETHER we be of the party that talks about "Peers, idle Peers," and the achievements of the House of Lords "in good King George's golden days," when, as the poet says, they "did nothing in particular, and did it very well"—whether we be of that party, or whether we be of the opposite persuasion, there is no doubt that, from a personal and gossip point of view, there are few more interesting volumes than a "Peerage." One of the best, and one of the biggest, is "Lodge's Peerage, Baronage, Knightage and Companionship" of the British Empire, published by Kelly's Directories, Ltd., of 182 to 184, High Holborn. With it is incorporated Foster's "Peerage," and the new issue for 1910 is the seventy-ninth annual edition. No alteration has been made in the form of the work, but it is constantly kept up to date, and all the new titles and changes that have taken place during the past year have been carefully recorded. A special feature of the work is the detailed information given about Baronets, whose lineage, collateral branches, and armorial bearings are treated with the same fullness as those of the Peers. "Lodge's Peerage," though it contains over 2300 pages, with heraldic illustrations, costs only one guinea net.

One of the most useful books of reference for personal and social information is Kelly's "Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes," which, with the edition for 1910, attains its thirty-sixth year of issue. This book, also, of course, as its title tells, is published by Kelly's Directories, Ltd. It has the great merit of being arranged in one general alphabetical list of names, which makes reference to it so easy and convenient. Another advantage is that it contains many names of social importance (though, perhaps, untitled) not always to be found in "Peerages," while giving concisely the essential facts about all the titled persons who do appear in them. Kelly's "Handbook" is well named, for it is distinctly handy.

Another very useful and well-known publication of Kelly's Directories, Ltd., is the "Royal Blue Book," which is issued twice a year, at Christmas and in the spring, doubtless with the object of keeping up to date in the matter of addresses. The edition just published is the 176th. The Blue Book, as most people know, contains a directory to the better-class private residents of London (arranged both under streets and names), as well as many useful tables and official lists, and a calendar of sporting and other fixtures of the year.

With each new issue "The Literary Year-Book," edited by Mr. Basil Stewart and published by Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, adds to its efficiency and completeness, until it is now the established and indispensable book of reference for authors, artists, librarians, publishers, booksellers, printers, and literary agents—in fact, for all who are in any way connected with literature and journalism. The new edition for 1910 brings it to its fourteenth year of issue. Part I. (about half the book) consists of an alphabetical directory of authors, with their addresses and a list of their chief works, followed by an index of authors classified under their subjects—such as archæology, fiction, travel, etc.—with an obituary of last year, and lists of authors' agents, typists, indexers, and press-cutters. Part II. contains directories of booksellers, publishers, printers' binders, libraries, societies, and periodical publications, with details very useful to contributors. There is also much valuable information on the law relating to authorship and publishing, and a very interesting tabulated list of modern cheap reprints of standard books.

GENERAL NOTES.

AT the Queen's Theatre on Saturday, under the management of Mr. H. B. Irving, an interesting performance took place, for copyright purposes, of a dramatised version of Mr. Robert Hichens' successful novel, "Bella Donna." The parts were taken by people well known in Society, and the occasion was made amusing by the temporary stage-names adopted by some of the actors, as printed on a special poster. Thereon the cast appeared as follows: Mrs. Chepstow, Mrs. Regular Badden; Mrs. Armine, Miss Jean Johnson; Nigel Armine, Mr. Billy Parton; Dr. Isaacson, Mr. D. Grey; Hamza, Mr. Hardy Scot; and Walter, Mr. Christian Bang. The playgoing public will await with interest the appearance of the piece. The question whether the title refers to a fair lady or a well-known medicine has already been set at rest by the novel.

Congratulations are due to the management of the Coliseum on having made the latest important catch from the boards of the regular stage in the person of Mr. Cyril Maude, who appears in a delightful fairy sketch with little Miss Elise Craven, the heroine of the first season of "Pinkie and the Fairies." The sketch, which is called "Jellicoe and the Fairy," brings the benevolent spirit of fairyland, somewhat after the manner of Dickens' "Christmas Carol," among the human wreckage of London—to be precise, into Trafalgar Square at three a.m., for it is on top of the Nelson column that this fairy lives. Mr. Maude makes a great hit as the nefarious sweater, Jellicoe, who is brought by the good fairy (just as Scrooge was by the ghosts) to see the error of his ways, while little Miss Craven's dancing and acting are as winsome as ever. Another attractive item on the Coliseum programme is the Slaviansky Russian Choir, while an alluring announcement is made that the famous Russian dancers will reappear in April, in the ballets "Les Sylphides" and "The Lake of the Swans."

Messrs. James Carter and Co., the famous seedsmen and horticulturists, of 237, 238, and 97, High Holborn, send us a copy of their new and sumptuous catalogue, which bears the title "Gardens and Lawns, 1910." It is more like a beautifully illustrated magazine than a catalogue—or rather, like a standard work on horticulture, for no magazine has so many pages or so many illustrations in one number. The illustrations are in the best style of modern reproduction, and include some fine coloured plates. Apart from the lists of prices, the book forms a veritable epitome and guide to horticulture, both in the matter of flowers and vegetables. Among the honours gained by Carter's Tested Seeds in the past season were the gold medal and silver cup of the Royal Horticultural Society and the gold medal of the International Sweet Pea Society, won for the second year in succession.

Those in search of good bargains in the way of furniture always keep an eye on the annual clearance sale of Messrs. Hampton's, whose fine premises next to the National Gallery are such an attractive and well-known feature of the landscape in that locality. The tasteful catalogue, with its pretty cover and numerous illustrations, including some in colour, will be a great temptation to many to seize the opportunity of embellishing their houses by some beautiful furniture. The prices at which first-rate articles can be obtained are also an attraction. Messrs. Hampton call special attention to some Austrian carpets which they have just secured on exceptional terms, and which they are consequently able to offer at prices that are much below the normal for such articles.

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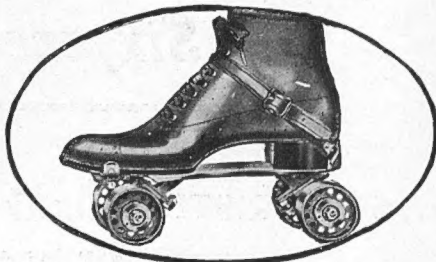
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